The Life of Izaac Walton

Winmarleigh.

Ex Libris
JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

FO. ∞/ + FO = io
A18/65
iKU

CP. mhr

M. S. Slocum
Pasadena
Dawson's
Jan '38
L P

1/25 Copies
Publishers Binding

Large Paper Copy

20 Steel Engraved Proof - Plates on India Paper.
Mostly by Thomas Grosden.

Very Scarce

THE LIFE

OF

ISAAC WALTON.

Engraved from the Original Picture by Wilson, in the Collection of the Publisher.

COTTON'S FISHING HOUSE.

Published by T. Gaydon, 107, St. Martins Lane, Charing Cross.

Proof

THE LIFE

OF

ISAAC WALTON;

INCLUDING NOTICES

OF

HIS CONTEMPORARIES.

BY THOMAS ZOUCH, D.D. F.L.S.

PREBENDARY OF DURHAM.

LONDON :

SEPTIMUS PROWETT, STRAND.

MDCCCXXIII.

MADELY MANOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The recent republication of the *Complete Angler*, by Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton, with the singular omission of any biographical detail relating to the authors, suggested the printing of Dr. Zouch's *Life of Walton*, in a size suitable to accompany Mr. Major's edition, adding such illustrations as were not to be found among the embellishments blended throughout his publication. The portraits of Walton aud Cotton, engraved by Mr. Mitan, are very dissimilar to the original pictures; and many of the tail-pieces tend but little to illustrate the pages of the most pleasing 'pastoral historie' ever written.

In the present edition of the *Life* of our old piscatory friend, by Dr. Zouch, considerable corrections have been added by way of notes, the result of more recent inquiries, and an attempt to narrate all that is known respecting 'honest old Isaac Walton.'

The portraits attached to this work are engraved on steel plates, from drawings after the original pictures; and the autographs, from authentic specimens in the possession of the writer. The *fac-simile* of the title of the first edition, in 1653, has also been added, as the copy given by Mr. Major will be found incorrect.

The deposit of Walton's remains, with the marble slab which marks the spot, in Prior Silksteed's Chapel, within the Cathedral at Winchester, have not hitherto been engraved; and the monuments of his second wife, his son-in-law William Hawkins, and his wife Anne, the daughter of Isaac Walton, are additional *memento mori* of the last of his family.

Madeley Manor, the residence of John Offley, Esq. to whom the *Complete Angler* was dedicated, has been etched from a reduced drawing of the large folding plate in Plot's *History of Staffordshire*.

Beresford Hall, the residence of Charles Cotton, and the occasional rendezvous of Walton and his son, is engraved from a painting by Mr. Stanfield, after an original drawing taken on the spot, by the late Mr. W. Alexander.

The Fishing Scenes are more peculiarly illustrative of the several chapters throughout Walton's work. The residence of Walton, in Fleet-street, from an original drawing by Nash; the enchanting view of St. Alban's Abbey, from a picture by Nasmyth, the Scotch Claude; and the Fishing House, on the banks of the Dove, from a painting by Mr. Wilson, after an original drawing by the late Mr. Alexander—will, it is trusted, afford considerable interest to the lovers of graphic illustration.

T. G.

St ALBAN'S ABBEY.

THE LIFE

OF

ISAAC WALTON.

ISAAC, or, as he used to write it, IZAAK WALTON, was born of a respectable family, on the ninth day of August, 1593,[1] in the parish of St. Mary's, in the town of Stafford. Of his father, no particular tradition is extant. From his mother, he derived an hereditary attachment to the Protestant religion, as professed in the Church of England. She was the daughter

[1] The date of Walton's birth rests on the authority of Anthony à Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxon.*, who possibly obtained it, in a direct manner, from Walton. The parish register of St. Mary's, Stafford, records his baptism in the following words:—"1593. Septemb. Baptiz. fuit Isaac filius Jervis Walton, 21o. die mensis et anni prædict." Of the

of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, sister to George Cranmer, the pupil and friend of Richard Hooker, and niece to that first and brightest ornament of the Reformation, Dr. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury. No vestiges of the place or manner of his education have been discovered; nor have we any authentic information concerning his first engagements in a mercantile life. It has indeed been suggested, that he was one of those industrious young men, whom the munificence of Sir Thomas Gresham, the founder of the Royal Exchange, had placed in the shops which were erected in the upper building of his celebrated Burse.[2] However this may be, he soon improved his fortune by his honesty, his frugality,

elder Walton, it is true, that 'no particular tradition is extant,' beyond the presumption that he was in easy circumstances: a reference, however, to the same register, informs us that he died in February, 1596, when his son Isaac was little more than two years old.—Ed.

[2] Sir John Hawkins, in his *Life of Walton*, prefixed to the *Complete Angler*, 1760, 8vo., positively asserts, that "his first settlement in London, as a shop-keeper, was in the Royal Burse, in Cornhill, built by Sir Thomas Gresham, and finished in 1567;" and that he continued there "till some time before the year 1624." Sir John, and Dr. Zouch, however, seem equally to have forgotten that Sir Thomas Gresham died in 1579, fourteen years before Walton was born: and though much has been said of "the economy observed in the construction of the shops over the Burse, which scarce allowed *him*

and his diligence. His occupation, according to the tradition still preserved in his family, was that of a wholesale linen-draper, or Hamburgh merchant.[3]

elbow-room, being but seven feet and a half long, and five feet wide," there does not appear to be any conclusive evidence that he ever did occupy a shop at the Exchange.—Ed.

[3] Tradition, at best a dubious authority, has not even hinted at the period when Walton might be supposed to have first settled in London. A deed, bearing date 1624, formerly in the possession of Sir John Hawkins, but no longer extant (being destroyed by fire, with Sir John's library and residence, in Queen Square, Westminster, in 1770), stated him to be then following the trade of a linen-draper, in a house which, it further appeared in that deed, was jointly occupied by him and John Mason, hosier; "whence," observes Sir John, "we may conclude, that half a shop was sufficient for the business of Walton." It is no improbable conjecture, that this was Walton's first outset in life, as there is evidence to prove his marriage in or about 1624, when, possibly, unwilling to incur the expense attendant on keeping the whole house, it was equally proportioned between Mason and himself. The deed expressly describes Walton's residence to have been "on the north side of Fleet-street, in a house two doors west of the end of Chancery-lane, and abutting on a messuage known by the sign of the Harrow." The curiously decorated house at the west corner of Chancery-lane, said to have been the oldest building in Fleet-street, being erected in the reign of King Edward VI. for an elegant mansion, at a time when there were no shops in that part of the city, was long distinguished by the sign of the Harrow. Queen Elizabeth,

Walton was, for some years, an inhabitant of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street; and with Dr. John Donne, then Vicar of that parish (of whose sermons he was a constant hearer), he contracted a friendship, which remained uninterrupted to the period of their separation by death. He attended him in his last sickness, and was present at the time that he consigned his sermons and numerous papers to the care of Dr. Henry King, who was promoted to the see of Chichester in 1641.

He married Anne,[4] the daughter of Thomas Ken, Esq., of Furnival's Inn—a gentleman, whose fa-

on a visit to Sir Thomas Gresham, 23d of Jan. 1570, was complimented by the descent of several cherubs from the top of this house, who, from thence, by a contrivance of the students in the Temple, flew down, and presented her majesty with a crown of laurels and gold, together with some verses—the fourth cherub delivered the following:

"Virtue shall witness of her worthyness,
And Fame shall registrate her princelie deeds.
The world shall still praie for her happiness;
From whom our peace and quietude proceeds."

Report says "the Queen's Highness was much pleased therewith." This house was pulled down, to widen the entrance into Chancery-lane, in May 1799. The scite of Walton's residence must, therefore, have been where Thomas's Millinery Warehouse now stands.—Ed.

[4] Walton's *first* marriage seems to have escaped his biographers. Neither Sir John Hawkins, nor Dr. Zouch, appear to have examined the parish register of St. Dunstan, Fleet-

Engraved by W. Miller from an Original Drawing in the Possession of Mr. T. Cadell.

ISAAK WALTON'S HOUSE in FLEET STREET.

mily, of an ancient extraction, was united by alliance with several noble houses, and had possessed a very plentiful fortune for many genera-

street; or they would otherwise have found that bishop Ken's sister was Walton's *second* wife; and that he had at least two children by his first, who died in infancy.

"1632.—Oct. 12, Henry, sonne of Isaak Walton, was baptized."

——— Oct. 17, Henry, sonne of Isaak Walton, was buried out of Chancery-lane."

"1633-4.—March 21, Henry, sonne of Isaac Walton, was baptized out of Fleet-street."

"1634, Dec. 4, Henry, sonne of Isaac Walton, was buried."

These extracts serve to shew, that previous to 1632, Walton had moved into Chancery-lane, and was in the following year removed into Fleet-street.

Dr. Zouch's assertion, that Walton's mother "was the daughter of Edmund Cranmer, Archdeacon of Canterbury, sister to George Cranmer, the pupil and friend of Richard Hooker; and niece to that first and brightest ornament of the Reformation, Dr. Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury,—" is unquestionably false. In the 'Introduction' to his *Life of Richard Hooker*, 1665, 12mo., he says, "About forty years past (for I am now in the seventieth of my age) I *began* a happy affinity with William Cranmer (now with God), grand nephew unto the great Archbishop of that name; a family of noted prudence and resolution. With him and two of his sisters I had an entire and free friendship." Walton's 'Address to the Reader,' is dated 1664; and the erroneous notion of his relationship *in blood* being here confuted, in his own words, places his *first* marriage sometime about the

tions, having been known by the name of the Kens, of Ken-Place, in Somersetshire. She was the sister of Thomas Ken, afterwards the deprived Bishop of Bath and Wells. If there be a name to which I have been accustomed from my earliest youth to look up with reverential awe, it is that of this amiable prelate. The primitive innocence of his life, the suavity of his disposition, his taste for poetry and music, his acquirements as a polite scholar, his eloquence in the pulpit (for he was pronounced by James II. to be the first preacher among the Protestant Divines) :—these endearing qualities ensure to him our esteem and affection. But what principally commands our veneration, is that invincible inflexibility of temper, which rendered him superior to every secular consideration. When, from a strict adherence to the dictates of conscience, he found himself reduced to a private station, he dignified that station by the magnanimity of his demeanour, by a humble and serene patience, by an ardent, but unaffected piety.

year 1624. This connexion was obligingly pointed out to the writer by the Rev. Dr. Barrett; and it seems conclusive, that his first wife was grand niece to Archbishop Cranmer, and that his affinity to 'that first and brightest ornament of the Reformation,' though equally creditable to Walton, was only by marriage with his first wife, of whom there is no further memorial extant, than that obtained from the parish register of St. Dunstan's, Fleet-street.—"1640. Aug. 25, Rachell, wife of Izaack Walton, buried."—Ed.

In 1643, Walton, having declined business, retired to a small estate[5] in Staffordshire, not far from the town of Stafford. His loyalty made him obnoxious to the ruling powers; and we are assured by himself, that he was a sufferer during the time of the civil wars. In this year, the Scotch Covenanters came back into England, at the invitation of the Presbyterian party of that nation; marching with the Covenant, gloriously upon their pikes, and in their hats, with this motto, 'For the Crown and Covenant of both Kingdoms.' "This," says Walton, in his *Life of Bishop Sanderson*, "I saw, and suffered by it; but when I look back upon the ruine of families, the bloodshed, the decay of common honesty, and how the former piety and plain dealing of this now sinful nation is turned into cruelty and cunning:

[5] This estate consisted of a farm and land, at Shalford, near Stafford, of about the yearly value of twenty pounds, which, by his will, he bequeathed to his son and his heirs for ever, upon condition that, if his said son should not marry before he should be of the age of forty-one, or, being married, should die before the said age, and leave no son that should live to the age of twenty-one, then the same should go to the corporation of Stafford, for certain charitable purposes. Having attained that age without being married, he sent to the Mayor of Stafford, acquainting him that the estate was improved to almost double its former value, and that the corporation would become entitled thereto, upon his decease, which happened 29th December, 1719.—Ed.

when I consider this, I praise God, that he prevented me from being of that party which helped to bring in this Covenant, and those sad confusions that have followed it." He persevered in the most inviolable attachment to the royal cause, and in many of his writings pathetically laments the afflictions of his Sovereign, and the wretched condition of his beloved country, involved in all the miseries of intestine dissention. The incident of his being instrumental in preserving the lesser George, which belonged to Charles II., is related by Ashmole, in his *History of the Order of the Garter*.[6]

We may now apply to him what has been said of Cowley: "Some few friends, a book, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his companions." In this scene of rural privacy, he was not unfrequently indulged with the company of learned and good men; and here, as in a safe and peaceful asylum, they met with the most cordial and grateful reception. Wood informs us, that,

[6] The account is also preserved, by tradition, in the family. "Col. Blague remained at Mr. Barlow's house at Blore-Pipe, in Staffordshire, where, with Mr. Barlow's privity and advice, he hid his Majesty's George under a heap of dust and chips, whence it was conveyed through the trusty hands of Mr. Robert Milward, of Stafford, to Mr. Isaac Walton, who conveyed it to London, to Col. Blague, then in the Tower; whence escaping, not long after, he carried it with him beyond seas, and restored it to his Majesty's own hands."—Plot's *Natural History of Staffordshire*, edit. 1686, fol., p. 311.

whenever he went from home, he resorted principally to the houses of the eminent clergymen of the Church of England, by whom he was much beloved. To a man desirous of dilating his intellectual improvements, no conversation could be more agreeable than that of those Divines, who were known to have distinguished him with their personal regard.

The Roman Poet, of whom it has been remarked, that he made the happiest union of the courtier and the scholar, was of plebeian origin. Yet such was the attraction of his manners and deportment, that he classed among his friends the first and most illustrious of his contemporaries, Plotius and Varus, Pollio and Fuscus, the Visci and the Messalæ. Nor was Isaac Walton less fortunate in his social connexions. The times in which he lived were those of gloomy suspicion, of danger and distress, when a severe scrutiny into the public and private behaviour of men established a rigid discrimination of character. He must, therefore, be allowed to have possessed a peculiar excellency of disposition, who concilitated to himself an habitual intimacy with Usher, the Apostolical Primate of Ireland, with Archbishop Sheldon, with Morton, bishop of Durham, Pearson, bishop of Chester, and Sanderson, bishop of Lincoln, with the ever-memorable John Hales, of Eton, and the judicious Chillingworth; in short, with those who were most celebrated for their piety and learning. Nor

could he be deficient in urbanity of manners, or elegance of taste, who was the companion of Sir Henry Wotton, the most accomplished gentleman of his age.[7] The singular circumspection which

[7] This is deducible from his own words:—"My next and last example shall be that under-valuer of money, the late Provost of Eton College, Sir Henry Wotton, a man with whom I have often fished and conversed; a man, whom foreign employments in the service of this nation, and whose experience, learning, wit, and cheerfulness, made his company to be esteemed one of the delights of mankind."—*Complete Angler*, edit. 1653.

In Sir Henry Wotton's verses, written by him as he sate fishing on the bank of a river, he probably alludes to Walton:

"There stood my friend, with patient skill,
"Attending of his trembling quill."

Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1651, p. 524.

That this amiable and excellent person set a high value on the conversation of his humble friend, appears from the following letter:—

"My worthy Friend,

"Since I last saw you, I have been confined to my chamber by a quotidian fever, I thank God of more contumacy than malignity. It had once left me, as I thought, but it was only to fetch more company, returning with a surcrew of those splenetic vapours, that are called hypochondriacal, of which most say the cure is good company, and I desire no better physician than yourself. I have in one of those fits endeavoured to make it more easie by composing a short *hymn*; and since I have apparelled my best thoughts so lightly as in verse, I hope I shall be pardoned a second vanity, if I communicate it

he observed in the choice of his acquaintance has not escaped the notice of Cotton. "My Father Walton," says he, "will be seen twice in no man's company he does not like, and likes none but such as he believes to be very honest men; which is one of the best arguments, or at least one of the best testimonies I have, that I either am, or that he thinks me one of those, seeing I have not yet found him weary of me.[8]"

Before his retirement into the country, he published the *Life of Dr. Donne*. It was originally appended to "Eighty Sermons, preached by that learned and reverend Divine, John Donne, late Dean of the Cathedral Church of St. Paul's, London," printed in 1640, in folio. He had been solicited by Sir Henry Wotton, to supply him with materials for writing that life, but Sir Henry dying in 1639, before he had made any progress in the work, Walton engaged in it. This, his first essay in biography, was by more accurate revisals

with such a friend as yourself; to whom I wish a cheerful spirit, and a thankful heart, to value it, as one of the greatest blessings of our good God; in whose dear love I leave you, remaining

"Your poor friend to serve you,
H. WOTTON."

Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, 1651, p. 513–15, where the hymn mentioned in this letter is also subjoined.

[8] *Complete Angler*, edit. 1676, part ii. p. 7.

corrected, and considerably enlarged in subsequent editions. Donne has been principally commended as a poet—Walton, who, as it has been already remarked, was a constant hearer of his sermons, makes him known to us as a preacher, eloquent, animated, and affecting. His poems, like the sky bespangled with small stars, are occasionally interspersed with the ornaments of fine imagery; but they must, however, be pronounced generally devoid of harmony of numbers, or beauty of versification. Involved in the language of metaphysical obscurity,[9] they cannot be read but with disgust:

[9] Whatever praise may be due to the poems of Dr. Donne, they are certainly deficient in the beauties of versification. To remedy this defect, his *Satires* have been translated into English verse by Pope, and his Latin epigrams by Dr. Jasper Mayne, who published them under the title of *A Sheaf of Miscellany Epigrams*, in 1652. Hume has observed, that in Donne's *satires*, and indeed in all his poetical compositions, there appear some flashes of wit and ingenuity, but that these are totally suffocated and buried by the harshest and most uncouth expression which is any where to be met with. Ben Jonson, however, in an epigram to him, calls him, "the delight of Phœbus and each Muse." Dr. Joseph Warton has some interesting remarks on Donne's poetry, in his *Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, vol. ii. p. 353. His imitation of Kit Marlow's inimitable pastoral ballad has nothing of that elegance of simplicity which characterizes the original, glowing with poetical beauties. Donne, as Dr. Zouch observes, may be entitled to be ranked in the first class of meta-

fraught as they are with false thoughts, affected phrases, and unnatural conceits.[1] His sermons, though not without that pedantry which debases the writings of almost all the divines of those times, are often written with energy, elegance, and copiousness of style. Yet it must be confessed, that all the wit and eloquence of the author have been unable to secure them from neglect.

physical poets; but this can be no enviable situation, when Dr. Johnson's opinion of their merit is consulted. "We can have," he remarks, in his *Life of Cowley*, "little inducement to peruse the works of men, who, instead of writing poetry, wrote only verse, who cannot be said to have imitated any thing, as they neither copied nature from life, neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect. Deficient in the sublime and pathetic, they abounded in hyperbole, and in unnatural thoughts, in violent fictions and foolish conceits, and in expressions either grossly absurd, or indelicate and disgusting."

[1] Pope has classed the English Poets by their school. First, School of Provence. Second, School of Chaucer. Third, School of Petrarch. Fourth, School of Dante. Fifth, School of Spenser. Sixth, School of Donne. In the latter School he has very injudiciously placed Michael Drayton, who wrote before Donne, and not in the least in his manner. "Dr. Donne's (poetical) writings are like a voluntary or prelude, in which a man is not tied to any particular design of air, but may change his key or mood at pleasure; so his compositions seem to have been written without any particular scope."—Butler's *Remains*, 1759, vol. ii. p. 498.

A singular instance of filial gratitude and affection occurs in the following letter, from John Donne, junior, to Walton, thanking him for writing his father, the Dean's *Life*.

"Sir,

I send this book rather to witness my debt, than to make any payment. For it would be incivil in me to offer any satisfaction for that all my father's friends, and indeed all good men, are so equally engaged. Courtesies that are done to the dead being examples of so much piety, that they cannot have their reward in this life, because lasting as long, and still (by awaking the like charity in others) propagating the debt, they must expect a retribution from him, who gave the first inclination.

2. And by this circle, Sir, I have set you in my place, and instead of making you a payment, I have made you a debtor; but 'tis to Almighty God, to whom you will be so willingly committed, that I may safely take leave to write myself,

Your thankful servant,
JO. DONNE."

From my house in Covent-garden,
24th June, 1640."

It is difficult to discover what correspondence subsisted between our biographer and the writer

of this letter, who, having been admitted Doctor of Laws in the University of Padua, was incorporated in that degree at Oxford in 1638. In the Will of Dr. John Donne, junior, printed in 1662, he bequeathed all his father's writings, with his 'Common Place-Book,' to Isaac Walton, for the use of his son, if he should be brought up a scholar. That he was a clergyman, and had some preferment in the diocese of Peterborough, we learn, from a letter written to him, by Dr. John Towers, bishop of Peterborough; wherein his Lordship thanks him for the first volume of his father's sermons,[2] telling him that his parishioners may pardon his silence to them for a while, since by it he hath preached to them and to their children's children, and to all our English parishes, for ever. Anthony Wood, although he describes him as a man of sense and parts, is unfavourable to his memory. He represents him as no better than "an atheistical buffoon, a banterer, and a person of over-free thoughts, yet valued by Charles II.," and with a sarcasm not unusual to him, he informs his reader, that Dr. Walter Pope, 'leads an epicurean and heathenish life, much like to that of Dr. Donne, the son.' Bishop Kennet, in his *Register*, p. 318, calling him, by mistake, Dr. John Downe, names him as the editor of

[2] Already noticed as being printed in folio, in 1640. The second volume was printed in 1649.—Ed.

"A Collection of Letters made by Sir Toby Matthews, Knight, with a character of the most excellent Lady, Lucy Countess of Carlisle, by the same author; to which are added, several letters of his own to several persons of honour, who were contemporary with him," printed in 1660, in 8vo. Dr. Donne neither consulted the reputation of his father, nor the public good, when he caused the *Biathanatos* to be printed. If he was determined, at all events, to disregard the injunctions of parental authority, would it not have been more expedient to have committed the manuscript to the flames, rather than to have encountered the hazard of diffusing certain novel opinions, from which no good consequences could possibly arise? For though those effects did not actually follow, which are mentioned by an industrious foreign writer, who tells us that on the first publication of this work, many persons laid violent hands on themselves; yet the most remote probability of danger accruing from it should have induced him entirely to have suppressed it.[3] But to return from this digression—

[3] Hearne, in his *MS. Coll.*, says, "One Joseph Kannell, of Lincoln College, has writ a short discourse against self-murther, in opposition to Dr. Donne. He made some application a little while since to get it printed, but could not prevail with any one to undertake it, being a book for which there is no manner of occasion. I am informed he is quite off

Walton's narrative of the vision in the *Life of Dr. Donne*, has subjected him to some severe animadversions. Let it, however, be remembered, that he probably related the particulars with cautious and discreet fidelity, as they were really represented to him. The account is not inserted in the earlier editions, hence, we may presume that the strictest and most severe inquiry was made before their introduction. Plutarch is not esteemed a credulous writer:—yet he has given a full and circumstantial history of the appearances that presented themselves to Dion and to Brutus; and in modern times, Dr. Doddridge, a most sedulous examiner of facts, and of all men the least liable to credulity and weakness of understanding, published a relation of an extraordinary vision. Let it also be remarked that, according to the opinion of a medical writer of great eminence, a discriminating symptom of human insanity, is "rising up in the mid of images not distinguishable by the patient from impressions upon the senses"—to a momentary delusion, originating from some bodily disorder, we may safely attribute the visions or false perceptions, of which many authentic descriptions

publishing it, being laughed at by some in the college, who entitle the book *Dr. Donne undone.*" Kennell died in 1710.

Dr. John Donne, junior, died in 1682, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Paul's, Covent-garden.—Ed.

have been transmitted to us; and we may easily suppose that Dr. Donne, separated from his beloved wife and family, whom he had left in a very distressful situation, must have suffered the most poignant anxiety of mind, and of course, much indisposition of body.

When the first years of man have been devoted to 'the diligence of trade, and noiseful gain,' we have no reason to hope that his mind will be replenished by study, or enriched with literature. In the *lucrative*, as well as in the *political* life, men are tempted to assume some of those habits or dispositions, which are not entirely consistent with the principles of justice or honour; and an eagerness to amass wealth, not seldom extinguishes every other affection. But it was not thus with Isaac Walton. Firm and uncorrupted in his integrity, he no sooner bade farewell to his commercial concerns, than he gave the most convincing proofs of his attention to the most laudable pursuits. He had already written the life of one friend, and he now undertook to exhibit a testimony of respect to the memory of another. In 1651, he edited "Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, or a Collection of Lives, Letters, Poems, with Characters of sundry Personages, and other incomparable Pieces of Language and Art, by the curious Pencil of the ever-memorable Sir Henry Wotton, Knt., late Provost of Eton College." Lady Mary

Wotton, relict of the last Lord Wotton, and her three noble daughters, to whom Walton dedicated this Collection, communicated to him many original letters, written by their illustrious relation[4], of whom, after the dedication, follows the Life. In the succeeding editions, the volume is inscribed to the Right Honourable Philip, Earl of Chester-

[4] Sir Richard Baker, a contemporary writer, has thus delineated the characters of Dr. Donne and Sir Henry Wotton: —"To speak it in a word, the Trojan horse was not fuller of heroic Grecians, than King James's reign was full of men excellent in all kinds of learning. And here I desire the reader's leave to remember two of my own old acquaintance: the one was Mr. John Donne, who, leaving Oxford, lived at the Inns of Court, not dissolute, but very neat; a great visitor of ladies, a great writer of conceited verses, until such time as King James, taking notice of the pregnancy of his wit, was a means that he took him to the study of divinity, and thereupon proceeding doctor, was made Dean of St. Paul's, and became so rare a preacher, that he was not only commended, but even admired by all that heard him. The other was Henry Wotton, mine old acquaintance, also, as having been fellow pupils and chamber-fellows in Oxford, divers years together. This gentleman was employed by King James in embassage to Venice; and, indeed, the kingdom afforded not a fitter man for matching the capaciousness of the Italian wits; a man of so able dexterity with his pen, that he hath done himself much wrong, and the kingdom more, in leaving no more of his writings behind him."—*Chronicle of the Kings of England*, edit. 1733, folio. p. 423–4.

field, Lord Stanhope, of Shelford[5], and great nephew to Sir Henry Wotton. This nobleman, accompanying his mother, the Lady Catharine Stanhope, into Holland, where she attended the Princess of Orange, daughter to Charles I., had his education along with William, Prince of Orange, afterwards advanced to the throne of England, and became very serviceable in promoting the Restoration of the Royal Family. He loved the memory, and imitated the virtues of his generous uncle. By a life of strict temperance he attained to a great age, and died January 28, 1713. It is proper to observe, that a later edition of the *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, namely, that of 1685, in 8vo., is enriched with Sir Henry Wotton's Letters to Lord Zouch, who was eminent among his contemporaries as an able statesman and an accomplished scholar.

The *Church History of Great Britain*, compiled by Dr. Thomas Fuller, whose writings, though far from being without blemish, are of inestimable

[5] The mother of this Lord Chesterfield was Catharine, the eldest daughter of Thomas Lord Wotton, and relict of Henry Lord Stanhope, who died before his father, the Earl of Chesterfield. She had been governess to Mary, Princess of Orange; and, after the restoration, was made Countess of Chesterfield.

Walpole's "*Anecdotes of Painting*," vol. ii. p. 113.

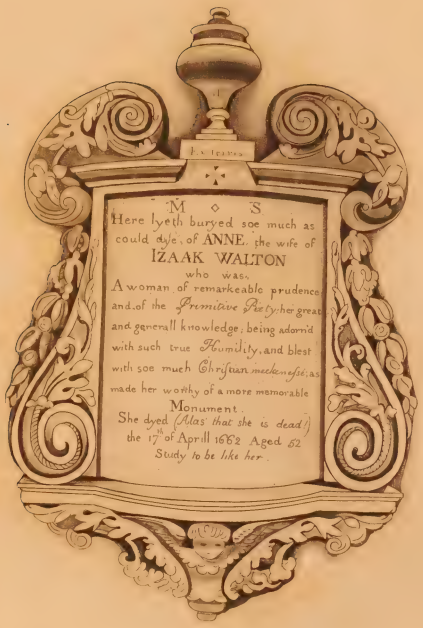
value, was first published in 1655, in folio. A conversation, seasoned with much pleasantness, and innocent jocularity, is said to have passed between the author and his ever cheerful and friendly acquaintance, Isaac Walton, upon the general character of this work. The latter having paid him a visit, it was asked by Fuller, who knew how intimate he was with several of the bishops and ancient clergy, first, What he thought of the *History* himself, and, then, what reception it had met with among them. Walton answered, that he thought "it should be acceptable to all tempers; because there were *shades* in it for the warm, and *sun-shine* for those of a cold constitution; that with *youthful readers* the facetious parts would be profitable to make the serious more palatable; while some reverend *old readers* might fancy themselves in his History of the Church, as in a flower garden, or one full of evergreens."—"And why not," said Fuller, "the *Church History* so decked as well as *the Church* itself at a most *holy season*, or the *tabernacle* of old at the *Feast of Boughs?*"—"That was but for a season," said Walton; "in your *Feast of Boughs*, they may conceive, we are so over-shadowed throughout, that the parson is more seen than his congregation, and this sometimes invisible to its old acquaintance, who may wander in the search, till they are lost in the labyrinth." "Oh!" says Fuller, the very *Children* of our *Israel* may find

their way out of this *wilderness*." "True," returned Walton, "as indeed they have here such a Moses to conduct them[6]."

In 1662, Anne, his wife, died, and was buried in our Lady's Chapel, in the Cathedral of Worcester, in which, fixed in the north wall, is a sculptured slab monument, of white marble, with the following inscription, written by her affectionate husband.

EXTERRIS
D.
M. S.
HERE LYETH BURIED
so much as could dye of
ANNE, the Wife of IZAAK WALTON;
who was a Woman of remarkable Prudence,
and of the Primitive Piety;
her great, and general Knowledge
being adorned with such true Humility,
and blest with so much Christian Meekness,
as made her worthy of a more memorable Monument.
She dyed (alas, that she is dead!)
the 17th of April, 1662, Aged 52.
Study to be like her.

[6] The relation of this witty confabulation, as the editors of the *Biographia Britannica* are pleased to term it, was obtained from a 'Collection of diverting Sayings, Stories, Characters, &c., in verse and prose, made about the year 1686, by Charles Cotton, Esq., formerly, in manuscript, in the library of the Earl of Halifax.' Colloquially amusing as it may seem



Engraved from a Pen Drawing
MRS WALTON'S TOMB STONE
— the Original Drawing in the Possession of Mr. T. Gosden.

His next work was the *Life of Mr. Richard Hooker*[7]," which first appeared in 1665. It was composed at the earnest request of Dr. Sheldon, then bishop of London; and with the express purpose of correcting some errors committed by Dr. Gauden, from mere inadvertency and haste, in his account of 'that immortal man,' as he has been emphatically styled, 'who spoke no language but that of truth dictated by conscience.' Gauden seems to have been extremely deficient in his information, and, dying soon afterwards, had no opportunity of revising and amending his very imperfect and inaccurate memoir. This was followed in 1670, by the *Life of Mr. George Herbert*, usually called 'the Divine Herbert;' and in 1678, he concluded his biographical labours with the the *Life of Dr. Robert Sanderson*[8]. Previous to

to many, it is 'remarkable for nothing but its singularity, which consists in the starting of a metaphor, and the hunting it down.'

[7] Sir John Hawkins inadvertently observes, that Hooker was personally known to his biographer. It seems to have escaped his recollection, that Hooker died in 1600, and Walton, being born in 1593, was then only seven years of age.—Ed.

[8] Walton erroneously says, that Bishop Sanderson was born at 'Rotherham, in the county of York.' The parish register of Sheffield records his baptism in the church of that town, Sept. 20, 1587;' and in Hopkinson's MSS., under Sanderson, of Gilthwait, his birth is thus noticed—" Robert,

the publication of this last work, he received the following interesting letter from Dr. Thomas Barlow, then bishop of Lincoln, who had been for many years the intimate friend of Dr. Sanderson, during his residence at Oxford, and after his retirement into the country :

" MY WORTHY FRIEND MR. WALTON,

" I am heartily glad, that you have undertaken to write the life of that excellent person, and, both for learning and piety, eminent prelate, Dr. Sanderson, late bishop of Lincoln ; because I know your ability to know, and integrity to write truth : and sure I am, that the life and actions of that pious and learned prelate will afford you matter enough for his commendation, and the imitation of posterity. In order to the carrying on your intended good work, you desire my assistance, that I would communicate to you such particular passages of his life, as were certainly known to me. I confess I had the happiness to be particularly known to him for about the space of twenty years ; and, in Oxon, to enjoy his conversation, and his learned and pious instructions, while he was Regius Professor of Divinity there. Afterwards, when (in the time of our late unhappy

second son of Robert Sanderson of Gilthwait, was born in a house called the Lane-head-stone, near the Irish Cross, in Sheffield, on the 19th, and baptized on the next day, of September, 1587."—Ed.

confusions) he left Oxon, and was retired into the country; I had the benefit of his letters, wherein, with great candour and kindness, he answered those doubts I proposed, and gave me that satisfaction, which I neither had nor expected from some others of greater confidence, but less judgment and humility. Having in a letter named two or three books writ (*ex professo*) against the being of any original sin; and that Adam, by his fall, transmitted some calamity only, but no crime to his posterity; the good old man was exceedingly troubled, and bewailed the misery of those licentious times, and seemed to wonder (save that the times were such) that any should write, or be permitted to publish any error so contradictory to truth, and the doctrine of the Church of England, established (as he truly said) by clear evidence of Scripture, and the just and supreme power of this nation, both sacred and civil. I name not the books, nor their authors, which are not unknown to learned men (and I wish they had never been known), because both the doctrine, and the unadvised abettors of it are, and shall be, to me apocryphal.[9]

"Another little story I must not pass in silence,

[9] The writer principally alluded to in this part of the letter, was the excellent Dr. Jeremy Taylor, appointed Bishop of Down and Connor, in Ireland, in 1660, and of Dromore, in 1661.

being an argument of Dr. Sanderson's piety, great ability, and judgment, as a casuist. Discoursing with an honourable person[1] (whose piety I value more than his nobility and learning, though both be great) about a case of conscience concerning oaths and vows, their nature and obligation; in which, for some particular reasons, he then desired more fully to be informed; I commended to him Dr. Sanderson's book '*De Juramento;*' which, having read, with great satisfaction, he asked me,—'If I thought the Doctor could be induced to write *Cases of Conscience*, if he might have an honorary pension allowed him, to furnish him with books for that purpose?' I told him, 'I believed he would:' and, in a letter to the Doctor, told him what great satisfaction that honourable person, and many more, had reaped by reading his book '*De Juramento;*' and asked him, 'whether he would be pleased, for the benefit of the Church, to write some tract of *Cases of Conscience?*' He replied, 'That he was glad that any had received any benefit by his books:' and added further, 'That if any future tract of his could bring such benefit to any, as we seemed to say his former had done, he would willingly, though without any pension, set about that work.' Having received this answer, that honourable person, before-

[1] The Hon. Robert Boyle, whose life has been ably written by Dr. Thomas Birch, and printed in 1744, 8vo.

mentioned, did, by my hands, return £50 to the good Doctor, whose condition then (as most good men's at that time were) was but low; and he presently revised, finished, and published that excellent book, '*De Conscientiâ*:' A book little in bulk, but not so, if we consider the benefit an intelligent reader may receive by it. For there are so many general propositions concerning conscience, the nature and obligation of it explained, and proved with such firm consequence and evidence of reason, that he who reads, remembers, and can with prudence pertinently apply them *hic et nunc* to particular cases, may, by their light and help, rationally resolve a thousand particular doubts and scruples of conscience. Here you may see the charity of that honourable person, in promoting, and the piety and industry of the good Doctor, in performing that excellent work.

"And here I shall add the judgment of that learned and pious prelate concerning a passage very pertinent to our present purpose. When he was in Oxon, and read his public lectures in the schools as Regius Professor of Divinity, and by the truth of his positions, and evidences of his proofs, gave great content and satisfaction to all his hearers, especially in his clear resolutions of all difficult cases which occurred in the explication of the subject matter of his lectures; a person of quality (yet alive) privately asked him, 'What course a young Divine should take in his

studies, to enable him to be a good casuist?' His answer was, 'That a convenient understanding of the learned languages, at least, of Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and a sufficient knowledge of arts and sciences pre-supposed: there were two things in human literature, a comprehension of which would be of very great use, to enable a man to be a rational and able casuist, which otherwise was very difficult, if not impossible: 1. A convenient knowledge of moral philosophy; especially, that part of it which treats of the nature of human actions: to know, *quid sit actus humanus (spontaneus, invitus, mixtus), unde habet bonitatem et malitiam moralem? an ex genere et objecto, vel ex circumstantiis?* How the variety of circumstances varies the goodness or evil of human actions? How far knowledge and ignorance may aggravate or excuse, increase or diminish the goodness or evil of our actions? For every case of conscience being only this—*Is this action good or bad? May I do it, or may I not?*—He who, in these, knows not how and whence human actions become morally good and evil, never can (in hypothesi) rationally and certainly determine, whether this or that particular action be so.—2. The second thing which, he said, 'would be a great help and advantage to a casuist, was a convenient knowledge of the nature and obligation of laws in general: to know what a law is; what a natural and positive law; what's required to the *latio*,

dispensatio derogatio, vel abrogatio legis; what promulgation is antecedently required to the obligation of any positive law; what ignorance takes off the obligation of a law, or does excuse, diminish, or aggravate the transgression: for every case of conscience being only this—*Is this lawful for me, or is it not?* and the law the only rule and measure by which I must judge of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of any action; it evidently follows that he, who, in these, knows not the nature and obligation of laws, never can be a good casuist, or rationally assure himself, or others, of the lawfulness or unlawfulness of actions in particular.'

"This was the judgment and good counsel of that learned and pious prelate: and having, by long experience, found the truth and benefit of it, I conceive I could not, without ingratitude to him, and want of charity to others, conceal it.—Pray pardon this rude, and, I fear, impertinent scribble, which, if nothing else, may signify thus much, that I am willing to obey your desires, and am, indeed,

"Your affectionate friend,
"THOMAS LINCOLN."

London, May 10, 1678.

Among the literary characters of the sixteenth century, none appears with more transcendent lustre than that of Sir Henry Savile, a munificent patron of merit, and a complete gentleman. He

seems to have traversed the whole range of science, being equally celebrated for his knowledge of ancient and modern learning. That the life of this illustrious scholar, which would be a valuable acquisition to the Republic of Letters, was actually compiled by Walton, we have every reason to conclude. Dr. King, bishop of Chichester, in his letter to him, dated Nov. 17, 1664, tells him, that "he has done much for Sir Henry Savile, the contemporary and friend of Mr. Richard Hooker." It is seriously to be regretted, that the most diligent inquiry after this work has hitherto proved unsuccessful.[2]

[2] The following particulars, relative to Sir Henry Savile, are collected from Aubrey's *Lives of Mathematical Writers*. He was one of the most learned gentlemen of his time. Hobbes informed Aubrey, that Sir Henry Savile was ambitious of being thought as great a scholar as Joseph Scaliger. But if in the attainments of classic literature he was inferior to Scaliger, in mathematical knowledge Dr. Wallis declared him to be exceeded by none of his contemporaries. He was a very handsome and beautiful man: no lady had a fairer complexion. Queen Elizabeth, to whom he explained Greek authors and politics, favoured him much. He was preferred by her, to be Master of Eton College, of which he was so severe a governor, that the scholars hated him for his austerity. To men of wit he gave no encouragement. When a young scholar was named to him as a good wit, he would reject him, and choose the plodding student. John Earle, afterwards Bishop of Sarum, being recommended to him, on that account, was the only one of that character, to whom he extended his

Among those whom Sir Henry Savile honoured with his friendship, was John Hales, of Eton. Anthony Farringdon, an eminent preacher, and a man of extensive learning and exemplary piety,

patronage. He treated the Fellows of Eton College with asperity; and his influence with the Queen rendered all opposition vain. When the celebrated Gunter came from London to be appointed his Professor in Geometry, he brought with him his sector and quadrant, with which he began to resolve triangles, and to perform several operations. This disgusted the grave knight, who considered the operations as so many tricks below the dignity of a mathematician, and he immediately conferred the professorship on another candidate, Briggs, from Cambridge. Aubrey learned from Dr. Wallis, that Sir Henry Savile had sufficiently confuted Joseph Scaliger's tract, *De Quadraturâ Circuli*, in his notes on the very margin of the book: and that, sometimes, when Scaliger says 'A B C D ex Constructione,' Sir Henry adds with his pen, 'et demonstratio vestra est asinus ex constructione.'

In his travels he had contracted a general acquaintance with learned men abroad; by which means he had access to several Greek MSS. in their libraries, and thus obtained correct copies by his amanuensis, who transcribed the Greek characters with admirable skill. Fronto Ducæus, a French Jesuit of Bourdeaux, clandestinely engaged a person to supply him, every week, with the sheets of Sir Henry Savile's Greek edition of the *Works of Chrysostom*, printed at Eton, of which he composed a Latin translation, and published them in Greek and Latin; thus superseding the sale of the English impression. Sir Henry Savile died Feb. 19, 1621, having been Provost of Eton College twenty-five years.

had collected materials with a view to write the life of this incomparable person. On his demise, his papers were consigned to Walton's care by William Fulman, of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who had proposed to finish the work, and on that occasion had applied for the assistance of our biographer. The result of this application is not known. Fulman's Collection of Manuscripts, written with his own hand, was deposited in the archives of the library of his College, and Wood laments that he was refused access to them.

"Angling had been long a favourite diversion in England. Alexander Nowell,[3] Dean of St. Paul's, was a lover of, and most experienced proficient in this delightful art. It was his custom, besides his fixed hours of private and public prayer, to spend a tenth part of his time in this amusement, and also to bestow a tenth part of his revenue, and usually all his fish among the poor, saying, that "charity gave life to religion." An elegant Latin poem,[4] written by Dr. Simon Ford, was

[3] The *Life* of this revered divine has been elegantly written by Dean Churton, and printed at Oxford in 1809, in 8vo. The beautiful engravings with which it is embellished, have rendered it a scarce book: the large paper copies are excessively rare.

[4] Entitled "*Piscatio*; ad Gilb. Archiepisc. Cant." printed in the *Musæ Anglicanæ*, 1692, 8vo., vol. i., p. 129. It was translated by Tipping Sylvester, M.A., and printed at Oxford,

FLY FISHING.

BARBEL FISHING.

inscribed to Archbishop Sheldon, who, in his younger years, being fond of this diversion, is said to have acquired a superior skill in taking the Umber or Barbel, which, says Walton, is "a heavy and dogged fish to be dealt withall." Dr. Donne is called "a great practitioner, master, and patron of angling:" and we learn from good authority, that Herbert loved angling; "a circumstance that is rather to be believed, because he had a spirit suitable to anglers, and to those primitive Christians who are so much loved and commended." Let not these remarks provoke the chastisement of censure: let them not be condemned as nugatory and insignificant. Amidst our disquietudes and delusive cares—amidst the painful anxiety, the disgustful irksomeness, which are often the unwelcome attendants on business and on study—an harmless gratification is not merely excusable, it is in some degree necessary.[5] In the skilful management of

in 1733, in 8vo. Gervase Markham proceeds rather too far, when he tells us, that an angler should be "a general scholar, and seen in all the liberal sciences; a grammarian, a logician, and a philosopher.—Ed.

[5] The *Experienced Angler*, a little tract, written by Colonel Robert Venables, is now before me. The perusal of it calls to memory the days of youth, the guileless scenes of earlier life, spent with innocent companions, in "delightful walks by pleasant rivers, in sweet pastures, and among odoriferous flowers." The concluding observation in this little book ap-

the angle, Isaac Walton is acknowledged to bear away the prize from all his contemporaries. The river which he seems principally to have frequented, for the purpose of pursuing his inoffensive amusement, was the Lea, which, rising above the town of Ware in Hertfordshire, falls into the Thames a little below Blackwall; "unless," as Sir John Hawkins conjectures, "we will suppose that the vicinity of the New River to the place of his habitation might sometimes tempt him out with his friends, honest Nat and R. Roe, whose loss he so pathetically mentions, to spend an afternoon

plies to all readers: "Make not a daily practice, which is nothing else but a profession, of any recreation; lest your immoderate love and delight therein bring a cross with it, and blast all your content and pleasure in the same." I mention this entertaining work, because Isaac Walton has prefixed to it, not a preface, but an 'Epistle to the Author,' who was personally unknown to him. Having accidentally seen the discourse in manuscript, he held himself obliged, in point of gratitude, for the great advantage he had received thereby, to tender his particular acknowledgment. The testimony of so expert an angler could not fail of recommending the tract.—Zouch.

The *Experienced Angler* was first printed in 1662, 12mo., and now seldom occurs. Richard Marriott, who printed all Walton's publications, printed this also; and he annexed this tract of Venables to those of Walton and Cotton, in 1676. They are sometimes met with in one volume, with a separate title, purporting them to constitute the *Universal Angler*.—Ed.

Proof.

DIBBING FOR CHUB.

DAPING FOR TROUT.

there." In his treatise of the *Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation,* he has comprised the clearest and fullest instructions for the attainment of a thorough proficiency in the art.[6] James Duport, the Greek Professor at Cambridge, who was far from being a novice in the use of the rod,[7] disdained not, on this occasion, to address our author in a beautiful Latin Iambic Ode, of which the following classic version[8] will not be unacceptable to the reader.

Hail, Walton! honoured friend of mine,
Hail! mighty Master of the line!
Whether down some valley's side
You walk to watch the smooth stream glide,
Or on the flow'ry margin stand
To cheat the fish with cunning hand;

[6] "And let no man imagine, that a work on such a subject must necessarily be unentertaining, or trifling, or even uninstructive; for the contrary will most evidently appear from a perusal of this most excellent piece, which—whether we consider the elegant simplicity of the style, the ease and unaffected humour of the dialogue, the lovely scenes which it delineates, the enchanting pastoral poetry which it contains, or the fine morality it so sweetly inculcates—has hardly its fellow in any of the modern languages."—*Sir John Hawkins's Introduction to the Complete Angler*, 1760, 8vo.

[7] He calls himself "Candidatum arundinis."

[8] By the Rev. James Tate, M.A., late Fellow of Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge, and now [1817] the very excellent master of the Free Grammar School at Richmond, in Yorkshire.

Or on the green bank, seated still,
With quick eye guard the dancing quill.
Thrice happy sage! who, distant far
From the wrangling forum's war,
From the city's bustling train,
From the busy hum of men,
Haunt some gentle stream, and ply
Your honest crafts, to lure the fry;
And while the world around you set
The base decoy and treacherous net,
Man against man, th' insidious wile,
Or, the rich dotard to beguile,
Bait high with gifts the smiling hook
All gilt with flattery's sweetest look;
Arm'd for the innocent deceit,
You love the scaly brood to cheat,
And tempt that water-wolf, the pike,
With rav'ning tooth his prey to strike,
Or in the minnow's living head,
Or in the writhed brandling red
Fix your well-charged hook, to gull
The greedy perch, bold biting fool;
Or with the tender moss-worm tried
Win the nice trout's speckled pride,
Or on the carp, whose wary eye
Admits no vulgar tackle nigh,
Essay your art's supreme address,
And beat the fox in sheer finesse:
The tench, physician of the brook,
Owns the magic of your hook,
The little gudgeon's thoughtless haste
Yields a brief yet sweet repast;
And the whisker'd barbel pays
His coarser bulk to swell your praise,

FLY FISHING FOR TROUT.

PEARCH FISHING.

Such the amusement of your hours,
While the season aids your powers;
Nor shall my friend a single day
Ere pass without a line away.
Nor these alone your honours bound,
The tricks experience has found:
Sublimer theory lifts your name
Above the fisher's simple fame,
And in the practice you excel
Of what none else can teach as well,
Wielding at once with equal skill
The useful powers of either quill.
With all that winning grace of style,
What else were tedious, to beguile,
A second Oppian, you impart
The secrets of the angling art;
Each fish's nature, and how best
To fit the bait to every taste,
Till in the scholar that you train,
The accomplish'd master lives again
And yet your pen aspires above
The maxims of the art you love;
Though virtues, faintly taught by rule,
Are better learn'd in angling's school,
Where Temperance, that drinks the rill,
And Patience, sovereign over ill,
By many an active lesson bought,
Refine the soul, and steel the thought.
Far higher truths you love to start,
To train us to a nobler art,
And in the lives of good men give
That chiefest lesson, how to live;

While Hooker, philosophic sage,
Becomes the wonder of your page,
Or while we see combin'd in one
The Wit and the Divine in Donne:
Or while the Poet and the Priest,
In Herbert's sainted form confest,
Unfold the temple's holy maze
That awes and yet invites our gaze;
Worthies these of pious name,
From your pourtraying pencil claim
A second life, and strike anew
With fond delight the admiring view.
And thus at once the peopled brook
Submits its captives to your hook;
And we, the wiser sons of men,
Yield to the magic of your pen,
While angling on some streamlet's brink,
The muse and you combine to think.

In this volume of the *Complete Angler*, which will be always read with avidity, even by those who entertain no strong relish for the art which it professes to teach, we discover a copious vein of innocent pleasantry and good humour. The scenes descriptive of rural life are inimitably beautiful. How artless and unadorned is the language! The dialogue is diversified with all the characteristic beauties of colloquial composition; and the songs and little poems which are occasionally inserted, will abundantly gratify the reader, who has a taste for the charms of pastoral poesy. And, above all, those lovely lessons of religious and moral instruction, which are so repeatedly inculcated through-

Being a Diſcourſe of

FISH and **FISHING**,

Not unworthy the peruſal of moſt *Anglers*.

Simon Peter *ſaid, I go a fiſhing and they ſaid, We alſo wil go with thee. John* 21. 3.

London, Printed by *T. Maxey for Rich.* MARRIOT, *in S. Dunſtans* Church-Yard, Fleet ſtreet. 1653.

out the whole work, will ever recommend this exquisitely pleasing performance.[9] It was first printed in 1653, with an appropriately decorated title; and the fish alluded to in the work were engraved in the most beautiful manner, it is believed, on steel plates, by Lombart. The work became so generally read as to pass through five editions during the life of the author. The second edition is dated in 1655, the third in 1661[1]; and

[9] I venture to quote the following beautiful passage:—"Content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul: and this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St. Matthew's Gospel; for there he says, 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy: blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God: blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of God: and blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but in the mean time he, and he only possesses the earth as he goes towards that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts, that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour, or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share: but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing both to God and himself.—*Complete Angler*, 1676, 12mo p. 265-6.

[1] Some copies of this edition will be found dated 1664, but the third edition was certainly printed in 1661.—Ed.

the fourth appeared in 1668, with many valuable additions and improvements. The lovers of angling, to whom this treatise is familiar, are apprised that the art of fishing with the fly is not discussed with sufficient accuracy; the few directions that are given, having been principally communicated by Thomas Barker, who has written a very entertaining tract on the subject[2]. To

[2] Walton knew but little of fly-fishing; and, indeed, he is so ingenuous as to confess, that the greater part of what he has said on that subject was communicated to him by Barker, and not the result of his own experience. "I will," says he, "tell you freely, I find Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that has spent so much time and money in angling, deal so judiciously in a little book of his on angling, and especially of making and angling with a fly, for a trout, that I will give you his very direction, without much variation, which shall follow."—*Complete Angler*, 1653, p. 108. The extreme rarity of the little book alluded to by Walton, entitled, "The Art of Angling; wherein are discovered many rare secrets very necessary to be known by all that delight in that Recreation, both for catching the fish, and dressing thereof," 1651, 12mo.—induced a re-print of it, in 1820, which has now become scarce. Walton, in the fifth edition, continues to notice such directions as were given to him by "an ingenious brother of the Angle, an honest man, and a most excellent fly-fisher;" but in different words. "I shall give some other directions for fly-fish, such as are given by Mr. Thomas Barker, a gentleman that hath spent much time in fishing, but I shall do it with a little variation."—Edit. 1676. p. 112.—Ed.

Sir Peter Lely pinx^t C. Mosle sculp^t

CHARLES COTTON

Published by M. J. Gosden

remedy this defect, and to give lessons how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream, a fifth and much improved edition was published in 1676, with a second part by Charles Cotton, of Beresford, in Staffordshire, Esq.[3] This gentleman,

[3] Charles Cotton—son of Charles Cotton, of Ovingden, in Sussex, and Olive, his wife, daughter of Sir John Stanhope, of Elvaston, in the county of Derby, by Olive, his first wife, daughter and heir of Edward Beresford, of Beresford, in Staffordshire (Mrs. Cotton was heir to her mother, and by her the estate of Beresford came to Charles Cotton)—was born the 28th day of April, 1630, at Ovingden, where, having received such rudiments of education as qualified him for the University, he was sent to Cambridge, and had for his tutor Ralph Rawson, who had been ejected from his fellowship of Brazen-nose College, Oxford, by the Parliament visitors in 1648. This person he has gratefully celebrated in a translation of an ode of Johannes Secundus.

His studies, while at the University, do not appear to have been directed to any particular object: it is sufficient to notice, that he there improved his knowledge of the Greek and Roman Classics, and became highly skilled in the French and Italian languages.

Oldys says, that in 1656, Cotton, being then in his twenty-sixth year, and before any patrimony had descended to him, or had any means of supporting a family, married a distant relation—Isabella, daughter of Sir Thomas Hutchinson, of Owthorp, in the county of Nottingham, Knt. The difficulties which might have arisen from this imprudence were averted by the death of his father, in 1658; an event that put him in possession of the family estate, which seems however to have

who is represented as the most laborious trout-catcher, if not the most experienced angler for

been considerably encumbered. It, indeed, excites no wonder that, struggling with law-suits and the growing difficulties of a family, we find him turning author by profession, and acquiring considerable credit, more particularly by his translations, though perhaps with but pitiable emolument.

Angling having long been Cotton's favourite recreation, we cannot but suppose that the congenial attachment for the same pursuit, so pre-eminently displayed by Walton, in his *Complete Angler*, excited in the former a desire to become acquainted with the author. Certain it is, that before 1676, they were united by the closest ties of friendship. Walton, as also his son, were frequent visitants to Cotton, at Beresford, whose residence was singularly advantageous for the ripening such friendship, being situated near the Dove, the finest trout river in the kingdom; and Cotton, no less for their accommodation than his own, erected a fishing-house on its banks, with a stone in the front thereof, containing a cypher, which, incorporating the initials of their names, has blended them in an indissoluble tie which is entitled to respect for ever.

These circumstances, and the formal adoption by Walton, of Cotton for his son, were probably the inducements with the latter to the writing a second part of the *Complete Angler*, and therein to explain more fully the art of angling either with a NATURAL or an ARTIFICIAL FLY; as also the various methods of MAKING THE LATTER. The following letter more immediately explains the author's intentions; and its insertion here is perhaps the best voucher for their justness and propriety:—

trout and grayling that England ever had, to testify his regard for Walton, had caused the

"*To my most worthy Father and Friend*, MR. IZAAK WALTON, *the Elder.*

"SIR,

"Being you were pleased, some years past, to grant me your free leave to do what I have here attempted; and observing you never retract any promise, when made in favour even of your meanest friends, I accordingly expect to see these following particular directions for the taking of a Trout, to wait upon your better and more general rules for all sorts of Angling; and, though mine be neither so perfect, so well digested, nor indeed so handsomely couched, as they might have been, in so long a time as since your leave was granted; yet I dare affirm them to be generally true: and they had appeared too in something a neater dress, but that I was surprised with the sudden news of a sudden new edition of your *Complete Angler*; so that, having but a little more than ten days' time to turn me in and rub up my memory, for, in truth, I have not in all this long time, though I have often thought on't, and almost as often resolved to go presently about it, I was forced upon the instant to scribble what I here present you: which I have also endeavoured to accommodate to your own method. And, if mine be clear enough for the honest brothers of the Angle readily to understand, which is the only thing I aim at, then I have my end, and shall need to make no further apology; a writing of this kind not requiring, if I were master of any such thing, any eloquence to set it off, or recommend it; so that if you, in your better judgment, or kindness rather, can allow it passable, for a thing of this nature, you will then do me honour, if the *Cypher*, fixed and carved in the front of my little fishing-house, may be here explained:

words PISCATORIBUS SACRUM, with a cypher underneath, comprehending the initial letters of both

and to permit me to attend you in public, who, in private, have ever been, am, and ever resolve to be, Sir,

"Your most affectionate Son and Servant,

"CHARLES COTTON."

Beresford,
10th of March, $167\frac{5}{6}$."

Walton, with that urbanity and good-feeling so conspicuous in him, on the finishing of his work sent him the following reply:—

"*To my most honoured Friend*, CHARLES COTTON, *Esq.*

"SIR,

"You now see I have returned you your very pleasant and useful discourse of the Art of Flying-fishing, printed just as it was sent me; for I have been so obedient to your desires, as to endure all the praises you have ventured to fix upon me in it. And when I have thanked you for them, as the effects of an undissembled love; then let me tell you, Sir, that I will really endeavour to live up to the character you have given of me; if there were no other reason, yet, for this alone, that you, that love me so well, and always think what you speak, may not, for my sake, suffer by a mistake in your judgment.

"And, Sir, I have ventured to fill a part of your margin, by way of paraphrase, for the reader's clearer understanding the situation, both of your Fishing-house, and the pleasantness of that you dwell in. And I have ventured also to give him a copy of verses that you were pleased to send me, now some years past; in which he may see a good picture of both; and so much of your own mind too, as will make any

Engraved from the Original Picture by Elmer in the Possession of Mr. J. Gordon.

their names, to be inscribed on the front of his

FISHING-HOUSE.

This little building was situated near the banks

reader, that is blest with a generous soul, to love you the better. I confess, that for doing this you may justly judge me too bold; if you do, I will say so too; and so far commute for my offence, that, though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age, yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon; for I would die in your favour; and till then will live, Sir,

"Your most affectionate Father and Friend,

"IZAAK WALTON."

London, April 29th, 1676."

The second part of the *Complete Angler*, is, in appearance, an IMITATION of the first. It is a course of dialogues be-

of the river Dove, which divides the two counties of Stafford and Derby. Here Walton usually spent

tween the Author, who is shadowed under the name of *Piscator*, and a traveller, the very person distinguished in the first part, by the name of *Venator*, and whom Walton had converted to an Angler; in which, besides the instructions there given, and the beautiful scenery of a wild and romantic country therein displayed, the warm heart, courtesy and hospitality of a well-bred country gentleman, are represented to an enviable advantage.

Cotton's continuation might fairly be thought to contain a delineation of the author's character; and dispose the reader to think, that he was delighted with his situation, content with his fortunes, and in short, one of the happiest of men, but in his next work, entitled *The Wonders of the Peak*, first published in 1681, he speaks wholly a different strain; living in a country abounding in rocks, caverns, and subterraneous passages, objects that, to some minds, afford more delight than stately woods and fertile plains, rich enclosures, and other the milder beauties of rural nature; he seems to have been actuated by nothing more than a sullen curiosity to explore the secrets of that nether world, and surveying it rather with wonder than philosophical delight, and to have given way to his distaste, in a description of the dreary and terrific scenes around and beneath him: so far was he from thinking with the Psalmist, that his 'lot was fallen in a fair ground,' or that he 'had a goodly heritage.'

In 1685, he published a translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, in 3 vols. 8vo., which is still considered as one of the most valuable works in the English language, and was the last production of his pen. The precise time of the decease of his first wife is not known; but his second marriage with the

his vernal months, carrying with him the best and choicest of all earthly blessings, a contemplative mind, a cheerful disposition, an active and an healthful body. So beauteous did the scenery of this delightful spot appear to him, that, to use his own words, "the pleasantness of the river, mountains, and meadows about it, cannot be described,

Countess-Dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of fifteen hundred a year, and who survived him, might suggest the hope, when his straitened circumstances are remembered, that his sun set brighter than it rose, *but this supposition seems to be contradicted* by a fact, disclosed by the act of administration of his effects upon his decease, granted to Elizabeth Bludworth, his principal creditrix; the honourable Mary Countess-Dowager of Ardglass, his widow; Beresford Cotton, Esq.; Olive Cotton, Catherine Cotton, Jane Cotton, and Mary Cotton, his natural and lawful children, first renouncing."

The above act, bearing date the 12th of September, 1687, fixes, perhaps within a few days, the time of his death, and describes him as having lived in the parish of St. James, Westminster, though no entry of his burial has been found in the registers of that parish; by it is further ascertained his issue, which were all by his first wife.

Of the subsequent fortunes of his descendants, little with any certainty is known. His son, Beresford Cotton, commanded a company in a regiment of foot, raised by the Earl of Derby for the service of King William; and one of his daughters became the wife of that eminent divine, Dr. George Stanhope, dean of Canterbury, who from his name being the same with that of Cotton's mother, is conjectured to have been distantly allied to the family.

unless Sir Philip Sidney or Mr. Cotton's father were again alive to do it."

In the latter years of the reign of Charles II. the violence of faction burst forth with renovated fury. The discontents of the Nonconformists were daily increasing; while Popery assumed fresh hopes of re-establishing itself by fomenting and encouraging the divisions that unhappily subsisted among Protestants. A tract, entitled *The Naked Truth, or the True State of the Church*, was published in 1675, in 4to., and attributed to Dr. Herbert Croft, bishop of Hereford. Eager to accomplish an union of the Dissenters with the Church of England, and to include them within its pale, this prelate hesitated not to suggest the expediency of proposing several concessions to them, with respect to the rites and ceremonies then in use, and even to comply with their unreasonable demand of abolishing Episcopacy. It may be easily presumed that these proposals met with no very favourable reception: they were animadverted upon with much spirit and ability, in various publications.[4] In the mean time, animosities prevailed without any prospect of their termination. From fanaticism on one side, and from superstition on the other, real

[4] Three celebrated tracts on this subject were published anonymously. I. *Animadversions on a Pamphlet, entitled 'The Naked Truth.'* 1676. 4to. This was written by Dr. Francis Turner, Master of St. John's College, Cambridge; and afterwards successively bishop of Rochester and Ely.

danger was apprehended. Those who exerted themselves in maintaining the legal rights and liberties of the established Church were denominated 'Whigs.' Most of them were persons eminent for their learning, and very cordially attached to the established Constitution: others, who opposed the Dissenters, and were thought to be more in fear of a Republic than a Popish successor, were distinguished by the name of 'Tories.' At this critical period, Walton expressed his solicitude for the real welfare of his country, not with a view to embarrass himself in disputation—for his nature was totally abhorrent of controversy—but to give an ingenuous and undissembled account of his own faith and practice, as a true son of the Church of England. His modesty precluded him from annexing his name to the treatise, which he composed at this time; and which appeared first, in 1680, under the title of "Love and Truth,[5] in two modest

Lex Talionis, or the Author of 'The Naked Truth' stripped naked. 1676. 4to. This was attributed to Philip Fell, one of the Fellows of Eton College. *A Modest Survey of the most Considerable Things, in a Discourse lately published, entitled 'Naked Truth.' In a Letter to a Friend.* 1676. 4to. Bishop Burnet owned himself to be the author of this last tract.

[5] Dr. Zouch ingeniously observes, that the author, in the choice of the title affixed to his tract, might possibly allude to *Ephes.* ch. iv. 15—"Speaking the *Truth* in *Love.*"—Ed.

and peaceable Letters, concerning the Distempers of the present Times; written from a quiet and conformable Citizen of London, to two busie and factious Shopkeepers in Coventry. 'But let none of you suffer as a busie-body in other men's matters,'[6] 1 *Pet.* iv. 15." The style, the sentiment, the argumentation, are such as might be expected from a plain man, actuated only by an honest zeal to promote the public peace. And if we consider that it was written by him in the eighty-seventh year of his age, a period of life when the faculties of the mind are usually on the decline, it will be scarce possible not to admire the clearness of his judgment, and the unimpaired vigour of his memory. The real purport of this work, which is not altogether unapplicable to more recent times, and which breathes the genuine spirit of benevolence and candour, is happily expressed in the author's own words to the person whom he addresses in the second letter.

"This I beseech you to consider seriously: And, good cousin, let me advise you to be one of the thankful and quiet party; for it will bring peace at last. Let neither your discourse nor

[6] This tract is assigned to Walton on the best authority, that of Archbishop Sancroft, who, in a volume marked 'Miscellanea, 14. 2. 34,' in the library of Emanuel College, in Cambridge, has, with his own hand, marked its title thus:—'Is. Walton's 2 letters conc. ye. Distemps of ye. Times, 1680.'

practice be to encourage or assist in making a schism in that church, in which you were baptized and adopted a Christian; for you may continue in it with safety to your soul; you may in it study sanctification, and practise it to what degree God, by his grace, shall enable you. You may fast as much as you will; be as humble as you will; pray both publicly and privately as much as you will; visit and comfort as many distressed and dejected families as you will; be as liberal and charitable to the poor as you think fit and are able. These, and all other of those undoubted Christian graces, that accompany salvation, you may practise either publicly or privately, as much and as often as you think fit; and yet keep in the communion of that church, of which you were made a member by your baptism. These graces you may practise and not be a busie-body in promoting *schism* and *faction*; as God knows your father's friends, *Hugh Peters* and *John Lilbourn* did, to the ruine of themselves, and many of their disciples. Their turbulent lives and uncomfortable deaths are not, I hope, yet worn out of the memory of many. He that compares them with the holy life and happy death of Mr. *George Herbert*, as it is plainly, and, I hope, truly writ by Mr. *Isaac Walton*, may in it find a perfect pattern for an humble and devout Christian to imitate: And he that considers the restless lives and uncomfortable deaths of the other two (who always lived like the salamander,

in the fire of contention), and considers the dismal consequences of schism and sedition, will, (if prejudice and a malicious zeal have not so blinded him that he cannot see reason) be so convinced, as to beg of God to give him a meek and quiet spirit; and that he may, by his grace, be prevented from being a busie-body, in what concerns him not." An edition of *Love and Truth* was published in 1795.

Such admonitions as these could only proceed from a heart overflowing with goodness—a heart, as was said concerning that of Sir Henry Wotton, "in which peace, patience, and calm content did inhabit."

His intercourse with learned men, and the frequent and familiar conversations which he held with them, afforded him many opportunities of obtaining several valuable anecdotes relative to the history of his contemporaries. The following literary curiosity is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum, at Oxford:

"ffor yr ffriends q^re^ this:

"I only knew Ben Jonson: but my Lord of Winton knew him very well;[7] and says, he was in the 6°, that is, the uppermost fforme in Westminster scole, at which time his father dyed, and

[7] Dr. Morley, bishop of Winchester, in the early part of his life, was "one of Ben Jonson's sons," according to the mode of adoption of the times.—Ed.

his mother married a brickelayer, who made him (much against his will) help him in his trade; but in a short time, his scole-maister, Mr. Camden, got him a better imployment, which was to atend or accompany a son of Sir Walter Rauley's, in his travills. Within a short time after their return, they parted (I think not in cole bloud) and with a loue sutable to what they had in their travilles (not to be commended). And then Ben began to set up for himselfe in the trade by which he got his subsistance and fame, of which I need not give any account. He got in time to have 100*l.* a yeare from the king, also a pension from the cittie, and the like from many of the nobilitie and some of the gentry, wch was well pay'd, for love or fere of his railing in verse, or prose, or boeth. My lord told me, he told him he was (in his long retyrement and sickness, when he saw him, which was often) much afflickted, that hee had profained the scripture in his playes, and lamented it with horror: yet that, at that time of his long retyrement, his pension (so much as came in) was giuen to a woman that gouern'd him (with whome he liu'd and dyed near the Abie in Westminster); and that nether he nor she tooke much care for next weike: and wood be sure not to want wine: of wch he usually tooke too much before he went to bed, if not oftener and soner. My lord tells me, he knowes not, but thinks he was born in West-

minster. The question may be put to Mr. Wood very easily upon what grounds he is positive as to his being born their; he is a friendly man, and will resolve it. So much for braue Ben. You will not think the rest so tedyous as I doe this.

"ffor yr 2 and 3 que of Mr. Hill, and Billingsley, I do neither know nor can learn any thing worth teling you.

"for yr two remaining que of Mr. Warner,[8], and Mr. Harriott this:

"Mr. Warner did long and constantly lodg nere the water-stares, or market, in Woolstable. Woolstable is a place not far from Charing-Crosse, and nerer to Northumberland-house. My lord of Winchester tells me, he knew him, and that he sayde he first found out the cerculation of the blood, and discouered it to Dr. Haruie (who said that 'twas he (himself) that found it) for which he is so memorally famose. Warner had a pension of 40*l.* a yeare from that Earle of Northumberland that lay so long a prisoner in the Towre, and som allowance from Sir Tho. Aylesbury, and with whom he usually spent his sumer in Windsor Park, and was welcom, for he was harmless and

[8] Of this great mathematician, see Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* by Bliss, 1815, 4to. vol. ii. p. 301-2.

quiet. His winter was spent at the Woolstable, where he dyed in the time of the parlement of 1640, of which or whome, he was no louer.

" Mr. Herriott[9], my lord tells me, he knew also: That he was a more gentile man than Warner. That he had 120*l.* a yeare pension from the said Earle (who was a louer of their studyes), and his lodgings in Syon-house, where he thinks, or believes, he dyed.

" This is all I know or can learne for your friend; which I wish may be worth the time and trouble of reading it.

I. W."

Nou^r. 22, 80.

" I forgot to tell, that I heard the sermon preacht for the Lady Danvers, and have it: but thanke your ffriend[1]"

[9] Of Thomas Hariot, or Harriott, see Wood's *Athenæ. Oxon.* by Bliss, 1815, 4to. vol. ii. p. 303. The opinions which have been entertained concerning the infidel principles of Hariot, are sufficiently confuted by the inscription on his monument, erected by his executors, Sir Thomas Aylesbury, and Robert Sidney, Viscount Lisle, in which he is expressly called, " Veritatis Indagator studiosissimus, Dei triniunius Cultor piissimus.

[1] Allusive to the sermon preached by Dr. Donne in the parish church of Chelsea, at the funeral of Lady Danvers, the mother of Mr. George Herbert. See Walton's *Life of Herbert*, p. 31. Annexed to this extract, in Aubrey's MSS. in

A life of temperance, sobriety, and cheerfulness, is seldom unrewarded with length of days, with an healthful, honourable, and happy old age. Isaac Walton retained to the last a constitution unbroken by disease, with the full possession of his mental powers. In a letter to Cotton, dated London, April 29, 1676, he writes; 'Though I be more than a hundred miles from you, and in the eighty-third year of my age; yet I will forget both, and next month begin a pilgrimage to beg your pardon.' He had written the *Life of Sanderson*, when he was in his eighty-fifth year; and we find him active with his pen, after this period, at a time when 'silvered o'er with age,' he had a just claim to a writ of ease. On the ninetieth anniversary of his birth-day, he declares himself in his will to be of perfect memory; and in 1683, the very year in which he died, he prefixed a Preface to a work edited by him: "Thealma and Clearchus, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse; written long since by John Chalkhill,[2] Esq. an

the Ashmolean Museum, are these words:—"This account I received from Mr. Isaac Walton (who wrote Dr. Donne's Life, &c.) Decemb. 2, 1680, he being then eighty-seven years of age.—This is his own hand-writing. J. A."

[2] Chalkhill—a name unappropriated, a verbal phantom, a shadow of a shade. Walton, indeed, says 'he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved—a gentleman and a scholar;' but he neither tells us where he lived,

acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser." Flatman, who is known both as a poet and a painter,

nor when he died; he gives this "airy nothing" no "local habitation." Had he been any other than a fictitious personage, Walton would not have dismissed him with so brief a notice. From Flatman's verses, it might be inferred that Walton had some inheritance in the fame of *Thealma*. If allusive to his acknowledged commendatory preface to the work, they are little better than absurd; but if written in the belief that Walton was the real but concealed author, if not very apposite, they are at least intelligible that he was so: and, indeed, the non-existence of the author of *Thealma*, distinct from Walton; the mysterious silence of his editor, and the modesty of his praise; the exact similarity of their tastes, feelings, and sentiments; their mutual extravagant passion for angling, altogether—in the absence of even a shadow of proof to the contrary—sufficiently demonstrate that Chalkhill is no other than our old piscatory friend *incognito*.

The internal evidence in the poem itself is strongly corroborative of the opinion as to the unity of Chalkhill and Walton. That simplicity and friendliness of manner which characterized the latter, are everywhere perceptible in the alleged production of the former. The pastoral taste, the keen enjoyment of rural sights and sounds, the tolerant piety of the author of the *Complete Angler*, pervade equally *Thealma and Clearchus*. It has no turbulent energy of thought or action—no strongly marked characters; nor does it display any particular insight into the darker passions of the soul; and that it is just such a poem as Walton might be expected to write, we need only to refer to his *Complete Angler*, a work instinct with the pure spirit of unconscious poetry, and which 'scents all the year long of June, like a

hath in such true colours delineated the character of his much-esteemed friend, that it would be injurious not to transcribe the following lines :

" To my worthy friend Mr. Isaac Walton, on the publication of this Poem.

Long had the bright Thealma lay obscure ;
Her beauteous charms, that might the world allure,

new made haycock ;' a work which has delighted thousands who never handled a fishing-rod, imparting dignity and interest to the minutest details of a pursuit singularly barren of excitement, and clothing it with ' an ineffable charm which cannot be effaced."

Identifying, therefore, this work as Walton's, it may be observed that his good sense and natural taste preserved his writings free from the trammels of the metaphysical school, of which his admired friends, Donne and Herbert, were such zealous disciples; and his spirit was too pure to imbibe a taint of that grossness and depravity which, about that period, infected the national literature. In this ' pastoral historie' the genius of Walton never soars into the region of clouds and storms, but broods over the quiet vale, and luxuriates in the calm sun-shine: it triumphs in the display of meek and widowed love; of grief, gentle and resigned—not embittered by remorse, or darkened by horror; of the warm feelings of noble and ingenuous youth, or the benevolent wisdom of virtuous old age; of images of domestic or rural felicity; of pastoral manners of more than Arcadian purity, and of scenery of Sylvan but of unobtrusive beauty. If the current of his poetry is not deep or majestic, it is always pure, and calm, and sparkling. It does not rush along with the daring im-

Lay, like rough diamonds in the mine, unknown,
By all the sons of folly trampled on,
Till your kind hand unveil'd her lovely face,
And gave her vigour to exert her rays.
Happy old man! whose worth all mankind knows,
Except himself; who charitably shows,
The ready road to virtue and to praise,
The road to many long and happy days;
The noble arts of generous piety,
And how to compass true felicity;
Hence did he learn the art of living well;
The bright Thealma was his oracle:
Inspir'd by her he knows no anxious cares,
Through near a century of pleasant years
Easy he lives, and cheerful shall he die;
Well spoken of by late posterity,
As long as Spenser's noble flame shall burn,
And deep devotions throng about his urn;

petuosity of a mountain torrent, chafing with opposing rocks, or dashing from precipituous cliffs; or, with collected strength, bearing down its banks, and sweeping over the subdued plains in terrific sublimity: it rather resembles the meandering stream that glides with silvery brightness through sheltered vales and sunny glades, winding and lingering amidst scenes of sequestered loveliness, or with gentle ripples expanding its placid waters in dimpling beauty to the sun, embodying and reflecting every evanescent hue of heaven, and bidding nature look as fresh and fair as

"———— if the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue."

> As long as Chalkhill's venerable name
> With noble emulation shall inflame
> Ages to come, and swell the rolls of fame.
> Your memory shall for ever be secure,
> And long beyond our short-liv'd praise endure;
> As Phidias in Minerva's shield did live,
> And shar'd that immortality he alone could give."

The classic reader, when he recollects the story of Phidias, will easily acknowledge the propriety of the encomium passed on Walton, who secured immortal fame to himself, while he conferred it upon others. That divine artist, having finished his famous statue of Minerva, with the most consummate exquisiteness of skill, afterward impressed his own image so deeply on her buckler, that it could not be effaced without destroying the whole work.

The beauties of *Thealma and Clearchus* and the character of the author, are not unaptly described in the editor's own language. He intimates in the Preface, that "the reader will find what the title declares, a Pastoral History, in smooth and easy verse; and will find in it many hopes and fears finely painted and feelingly expressed. And he will find the first so often disappointed, when fullest of desire and expectation; and the latter so often, so strangely, and so unexpectedly relieved by an unforeseen Providence, as may beget in him wonder and amazement." He adds, that

"the reader will here also meet with passions heightened by easy and fit descriptions of joy and sorrow; and find also such various events and rewards of innocent truth and undissembled honesty, as is like to leave in him (if he be a good-natured reader) more sympathizing and virtuous impressions than ten times so much time spent in impertinent, critical, and needless disputes about religion." Chalkhill died before he had perfected even the fable of his poem; and Walton assures us 'was a man generally known in his time, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour, a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and indeed his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous.[3]' So amiable were the manners, and so truly excellent the character of all those, whom Isaac Walton honoured with his regard.

[3] The indefatigable Ritson has inserted Chalkhill's name in the list of poets of the sixteenth century, but with no further authority than Walton's assertion in the pages of his *Complete Angler*. (See *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802, 8vo. p. 155.) Walton died in 1683, the same year that *Thealma and Clearchus* was given to the public; but it is more than probable that had he lived a short while longer, the success of the work, and the applauses of his friends might have induced him to lay aside his disguise: another lasting sprig would then have been added to the verdant wreath which already encircles his venerable brow, and John Chalkhill might have been expunged for ever from the list of English poets.

When Leoniceni, one of the most profound scholars in Italy, in the fifteenth century, was asked by what art he had, through a period of ninety years, preserved a sound memory, perfect senses, an upright body, and a vigorous health, he answered, "by innocence, serenity of mind, and temperance." Walton, having uniformly enjoyed that happy tranquillity, which is the natural concomitant of virtue, came to the grave in a full age, "like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."

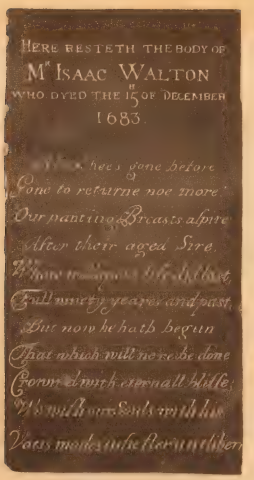
"So would I live, such gradual death to find,
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough;
And dying, nothing to myself would owe.
Thus, daily changing, with a duller taste
Of less'ning joys, I by degrees would waste;
Still quitting ground by unperceiv'd decay,
And steal myself from life, and melt away."

DRYDEN.

He died during the time of the great frost, on the 15th day of December, 1683, at Winchester, in the Prebendal house of Dr. William Hawkins, his son-in-law, whom he loved as his own son. It was his express desire that his burial might be near the place of his death, privately, and free from any ostentation, or charge, and he was interred in Prior Silksteed's chapel, within the Cathedral. The annexed engraving points out the

PRIOR SILKSTEED'S CHAPEL,

WINCHESTER



Engraved from a Fac-Simile of
ISAAC WALTON'S TOMB STONE.
The Original Drawing in the Possession of M. T. Gordon.

spot of his earthly deposit. On the stone which is laid over his grave, the following inscription is perfectly legible :—

" Here resteth the body of
MR. ISAAC WALTON,
Who died the 15th of Dec. 1683.

" Alas! he's gone before,
Gone to return no more.
Our panting breasts aspire
After their aged Sire,
Whose well-spent life did last
Full ninety years and past.
But now he hath begun
That which will ne'er be done,
Crown'd with eternal bliss,
We wish our souls with his.

VOTIS MODESTIS SIC FLERUNT LIBERI."

He had one son, Isaac, who never married, and a daughter, Anne, the wife of Dr. William Hawkins, a Prebendary in the Church of Winchester, and Rector of Droxford in Hampshire. Dr. William Hawkins left a son, William, and a daughter, named Anne, who died unmarried. The son, who was a Serjeant at Law, and author of the well-known treatise of the *Pleas of the Crown*, lived and died in the Close of Sarum. He published a short account of the life of his great uncle in 1713, and edited in 1721, the " Works

of the right reverend, learned, and pious Thomas Ken, D.D., late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells," in 4 vols. 8vo. These works include only Bishop Ken's poetical compositions, which do not merit any great encomium, though they are written in a strain of real piety and devotion. This William Hawkins had a son and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Mrs. Hawes, relict of the Rev. —Hawes, Rector of Bemerton, is the only surviving person of that generation.[4]

I have omitted to enumerate among the friends of our biographer, Dr. George Morley, bishop

[4] The following sepulchral inscriptions are in the Cathedral Church of Winchester:—

H. S. E.
GULIELMUS HAWKINS
S. T. P.
HUJUS ECCLESIÆ PREBENDARIUS,
QUI OBIIT JUL. 17.
ANNO DOMINI 1691.
ÆTATIS SUÆ 58.

H. S. E.
ANNA ETIAM IZAAC WALTON FILIA
QUÆ OBIIT SUPER-MEMORATI GULIELMI VIDUA
AUG. 18, 1715.
ÆTATIS SUÆ 67.

Engraved from a Fac-simile
taken at WINCHESTER *in the*
Month of August 1822 by T. Gordon.

of Winchester,[5] and Dr. Seth Ward, bishop of Salisbury[6]. To be esteemed, and to be caressed by men of such comprehensive learning and ex-

[5] Edward Powell, in some commendatory verses prefixed to the *Complete Angler*, has commemorated the friendship which subsisted between bishop Morley and Walton:—

"He that conversed with angels such as were
Oldsworth and *Featly*, each a shining star
Shewing the way to Bethlehem; each a saint,
Compar'd to whom our zealots do but paint:
He that our pious and learn'd Morley knew,
And from him suck'd wit and devotion too."

A distinguished trait in the character of this prelate, who was first known to the world as the friend of Lord Falkland, and to whom Waller owns himself indebted for his taste of the ancient classics, may be discovered from the following:—'Being consulted by the Mayor of a country Corporation, what method he should take effectually to root out the fanatics in the year of his mayoralty—the bishop, now growing old, first preached friendliness to him, by ordering him a glass of Canary, as oft as he started the question in company; and next admonished him, when alone, to let those people live quietly, in many of whom, he was satisfied, there was the true fear of God, and who were not likely to be gained by rigour and severity.'—Kennet's *Register*, p. 816.

[6] After the Restoration, many Divines, who had been educated among the Puritans, and had gone into the notions and scheme of Presbytery, upon mature thoughts, judged it lawful, and even eligible to *conform* for the honour and interest of the Christian religion, and for the peace and happiness of this church and nation. Among these was Dr. Seth Ward, cele-

traordinary abilities, is honourable indeed. They were his choicest and most confidential companions, and after the Restoration, he and his daughter had apartments constantly reserved for them in the houses of these two Prelates. Here he spent his time in that mutual reciprocation of benevolent offices which constitutes the blessedness of virtuous friendship. He experienced many marks of favour from the bishop of Winchester, of whose kindness to him he has signified his remembrance in the ring bequeathed at his death, with this expressive motto 'A MITE FOR A MILLION.' It was doubtless through his recommendation, that Ken obtained the patronage of bishop Morley; who, having appointed him his chaplain, pre-

brated for his mathematical studies, who, having been appointed President of Trinity College, Oxford, in 1659, was ejected in 1660; but in the same year, was admitted Precentor of Exeter, succeeded as Dean in 1661, and Bishop in 1662. He was translated to the see of Salisbury in 1667, and upon his death, in 1688, Dr., afterwards Bishop Burnet, who has given a character of him in his *History of his own Times*, was inducted in his stead. A few years before his death, he suffered a fatal decay, not only in his body, but in his intellectual faculties. For, to the mortification of all human sufficiency and wisdom, this great master of reason so entirely lost the use of his understanding, as to become an object of compassion, and uneasiness to himself, and a burden to his friends and attendants.—See Dr. Walter Pope's *Life of Seth Ward, bishop of Salisbury*. 1697, 8vo. p. 183.

sented him to the rectory of Woodhay, in Hampshire; and then preferred him to the dignity of a Prebendary in the Cathedral Church of Winton.

The son of so excellent a father had no cause to complain that his merit was unnoticed, or unrewarded. Isaac Walton, junior, was educated at Christ Church, in Oxford. Whilst he was bachelor of Arts, he attended his uncle, Mr. Ken,[7] in 1674, to Rome, where he was present at the jubilee appointed by Pope Clement X. in 1675. On this occasion Ken was wont to say, that "he had great reason to give God thanks for his travels; since, if it were possible, he returned rather more confirmed of the purity of the Protestant religion than he was before." During his residence in Italy, that country, which is justly called the great School of Music and Painting, the rich Repository of the noblest productions of Statuary and Architecture, both ancient and modern, young Walton indulged and improved his taste for the fine arts.[8] On his return to England, he retired to the University of Oxford, to prosecute his studies. Having afterward accepted an invitation from bishop Ward, to become his domestic chap-

[7] Ken was not admitted to the degree of D.D. till 1679.

[8] "VIATOR.—But what have we got here? A rock springing up in the middle of the river. This is one of the oddest sights that ever I saw.

"PISC.—Why, Sir, from that pike that you see standing

lain, he was preferred to the rectory of Polshot, near Devizes, in Wiltshire, and elected a Canon of Salisbury. He afforded much assistance to Dr. John Walker, when engaged in his *History of the Sufferings of the Clergy*; communicating to him a variety of materials for that excellent work. He possessed all the amiable qualities that adorned the character of his father, a calm philanthropy, a genuine piety, an unaffected humility. It was at the house of his nephew, that Dr. Ken was upon a visit when a stack of chimnies fell into his bed-chamber, Nov. 27, 1703, without doing him any harm; whilst Dr. Kidder, his immediate successor in the See of Bath and Wells, was unfortunately killed with his Lady by a similar accident, during the same storm, in his palace at Wells. Walton, junior, died in 1710, and his remains lie interred at the feet of his friend and patron, bishop Ward,

up there distant from the rock, this is called Pike Pool; and young Mr. Isaac Walton was so pleased with it, as to draw it in landscape, in black and white, in a black book I have at home, as he has done several prospects of my house also, which I keep for a memorial of his favour, and will show you when we come up to dinner.

"VIAT.—Has young Mr. Isaac Walton been here too?

"PISC.—Yes marry has he, Sir, and that again, and again too; and in France since, and at Rome, and at Venice, and I can't tell where; but I intend to ask him a great many hard questions, so soon as I can see him, which will be, God willing, next month."—*Complete Angler*, 1676. p. 50.

in the Cathedral of Salisbury, in which, on a plain flat stone is this inscription:—

H. S. E.
ISAACUS WALTON, HUJUS ECCLESIÆ
CANONICUS RESIDENTIARIUS,
PIETATIS NON FUCATÆ,
DOCTRINÆ SANÆ,
MUNIFICENTIÆ, BENEVOLENTIÆ
EXEMPLAR DESIDERANDUM.
PASTORIS BONI ET FIDELIS FUNCTUS OFFICIO
PER ANNOS
38 IN PAROCHIA DE POLSHOT WILTS.
OBIIT VICESIMO NONO DECEMBRIS,
ANNO DOMINI 1719.
ÆTATIS 69.

It would be highly improper to ascribe to the elder Walton that extent of knowledge which characterizes the scholar: yet those who are conversant in his writings, will probably entertain no doubt of his acquaintance with books.[9] His fre-

[9] Walton, in his *Complete Angler*, frequently cites authors that have written only in Latin, as Gesner, Aldrovandus, Rondeletius, and others. The voluminous *History of Animals*, composed by Gesner, was translated into English by the Rev. Edward Topsel, and published in 1658, in folio. As it contained numberless particulars, extracted from the works of various writers, concerning frogs, serpents, and caterpillars, it furnished our author with much intelligence. Pliny's *Natural History* was translated by Dr. Philemon Holland. There

quent references to ancient and modern history, his seasonable applications of several passages in the most approved writers, his allusions to various branches of general science, these and other circumstances concur in confirming the assertion, that though he did not partake of the benefits of early erudition, yet in maturer age, he enlarged his intellectual acquisitions, so as to render them fully proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. The fruits of his truly commendable industry he has generously consecrated to posterity, and though deprived of the advantage of a learned education, he hath with great fidelity preserved the memory of those, who were "by their knowledge of learning meet for the people, wise and eloquent in their instructions, honoured in their generations, and the glory of their times;" each of whom, in his edifying pages, "being dead, yet speaketh." He may be literally said "to have laboured not for himself only, but for all those that seek wisdom." How interesting and affecting are many of his narratives and descriptions! The vision of ghastly

were also versions of the tract of Janus Dubravius *de Piscinis et Piscium Naturâ*, and of Liebault's *Maison Rustique*, so often referred to by him in the course of his work. In the *Life of Bishop Sanderson*, Walton has quoted Thucydides; but it must be remembered, that Hobbes printed his translation of that writer's *History of the Grecian War*, in 1628, in folio.

horror that presented itself to Dr. Donne, at the time of his short residence in Paris—the pleasant messages which Sir Henry Wotton, and the good-natured priest, exchanged with each other in a church at Rome, during the time of vespers—the domestic incidents which excited the tender commisseration of Edwin Sandys and George Cranmer, while they visited their venerable tutor at his country parsonage of Drayton Beauchamp—the affectionate and patient condescension of "the divine George Herbert," compassionating the distresses of the poor woman of Bemerton — the interview of Dr. Sanderson and Walton, accidendentally meeting each other in the streets of London—these and numberless other similar passages will always be read with reiterated pleasure.

We shall indeed be disappointed, if we expect to find in Walton's biographical labours, the brilliancy of wit, the elaborate correctness of style, or the ascititious graces and ornaments of fine composition. But that pleasing simplicity of sentiment, that plain and unaffected language, and, I may add, that natural eloquence[1], which per-

[1] This quality is, I trust, not improperly applied to Walton's writings. "True eloquence," says Milton, "I find to be none but the serious and hearty love of truth: and that, whose mind soever is fully possessed with a fervent desire to know good things, and with the dearest charity to infuse the knowledge of them into others; when such a man would

vades the whole, richly compensates the want o elegance, and rhetorical embellishment[2]. Truth is never displayed to us in more grateful colours than when she appears, not in a garish attire, but in her own native garb, without artifice, without pomp. In that garb Isaac Walton has arrayed her. Deeply impressed with the excellence of those exemplary characters which he endeavours to portray, he speaks no other language than that of the heart, and thus imparts to the reader his own undisguised sentiments, so friendly to piety and virtue. Assuredly, no pleasure can be placed in competition with that which results from the view of men sedulously adjusting their actions with integrity and honour. To accompany them, as it were, along the path of life, to join in their conversation, to observe their demeanour in various situations, to contemplate their acts of charity

speak, his words, like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command, and in well ordered files, as he would wish, fall aptly into their own places."

[2] I indulge myself in quoting only one passage. Having described the poignancy of Dr. Donne's grief on the death of his wife, the author pathetically concludes. "Thus he began the day, and ended the night; ended the restless night, and began the weary day in lamentations." The repetition is exquisitely beautiful. It reminds me of Orpheus lamenting over Eurydice, in Virgil's *Georgics*:—

'Te veniente Die, te decedente canebat.'

Zouch.

and beneficence, to attend them into their closets, to behold their ardour of piety and devotion; in short, to establish, as it were, a friendship and familiarity with them:—this, doubtless, must be pronounced an happy anticipation of that holy intercourse, which will, I trust, subsist between beatified spirits in another and a better state.

Those parts of his *Lives* are more peculiarly adapted to afford satisfaction, improvement, and consolation, in which is related the behaviour of these good men at the hour of death. Here we find ourselves personally and intimately interested. "A battle or a triumph," says Addison, "are conjunctures, in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged; but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does; because we are sure, that some time or other, we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in; but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble." Thus while these instructive pages teach us how to live, they impart a lesson equally useful and momentous—how to die[3]. When I contrast the

[3] Dr Thomas Townson, the late archdeacon of Richmond, read Walton's *Lives* during his last illness, with a view, no doubt, to trim his lamp, and prepare for his Lord, by com-

death-bed scenes, which our author has described, with that which is exhibited to us in the last illness of a modern philosopher[4] who at that awful period had no source of consolation but what he derived from reading Lucian and other books of amusement, discoursing chiefly with his friends on the trifling topics of common conversation, playing at his favourite game of whist, and indulging his pleasantry on the fabulous history of Charon and his boat—without one single act of devotion, without any expression of penitential sorrow, of hope or of confidence in the goodness of God, or in the merits of a Redeemer ;—when this contrast, I say, is presented to my view, it is impossible not to adopt the language of the prophet, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

It is said of Socrates, that all who knew him, loved him : And that if any did not love him, it was because they did not know him. May we not also affirm the same of that worthy person, who is the subject of this memoir? Such was

paring his conduct with the examples of those meek and holy men, described by the pleasing and faithful biographer. He also read, and, assuredly, with similar intentions, Herbert's *Country Parson.* — Of this pious and learned man, the ornament of the eighteenth century, see Churton's *Memoirs of Dr. Townson.* 1810, 8vo. 2 vols.

[4] *Life of David Hume, Esq.*, p. 13, 46.

the urbanity of his temper, and so affectionate was the regard which his friends professed for him, that, in their epistolary correspondence, though they were far superior to him in rank and condition of life, they usually addressed him in the language of tenderness and soothing endearment, styling him, 'Good Mr. Walton'—'Honest Isaac'—"Worthy Friend—Dear Brother—Most Ingenious Friend." No one better deserved these kind appellations, and be it always recorded to his honour, that he 'never retracted any promise, when made in favour even of his meanest friend.' Neal, in his *History of the Puritans*, introduces an erroneous quotation from Walton's *Life of Hooker*, and Bishop Warburton, in his notes on that history[5] commenting upon his quotation, speaks of "the quaint trash of a fantastical life-writer." Is it possible to suppose that an epithet, more adapted to the asperity of fastidious censure, than to the cool and deliberate judgment of candid and equitable criticism, should be justly applied to a man of real merit, who strenuously exerted himself in promoting the cause of religion, as well by his writings as by his exemplary conduct?

The corporation of Stafford have publicly pronounced him their worthy and generous benefactor, and of his singular munificence in his life time, to the poor inhabitants of his native town, we find

[5] *Works*, vol. vii. p. 895.

several instances recorded[6]; and further, at his death, he consigned some bequests of considerable value to be appropriated to their use.

In an ancient inscription yet extant, it is said of a Roman Citizen, that he knew not how to speak injuriously—*Nescivit Maledicere.* We may observe of Isaac Walton, that he was ignorant how to write of any man with acrimony and

[6] It appears from a table fixed in the church of St. Mary's, in the borough of Stafford, that Walton gave, in his life-time, a garden of eight shillings a year, to buy coals for the poor yearly about Christmas; and that he also gave twenty-two pounds, to build a stone-wall around St. Chad's church-yard in the said borough; and did also set forth nine boys apprentices, bestowing five pounds on each.

By his will, he bequeathed one messuage or tenement, at Shalford in the county of Stafford, with all the land thereto belonging, of the clear yearly value of twenty pounds ten shillings and sixpence; of which, ten pounds are appropriated every year, to the putting out two boys, sons of honest and poor parents, to be apprentices to tradesmen, or handicraftsmen; and five pounds to some maid-servant, that hath attained the age of twenty-one years (not less), and dwelt long in one service; or to some honest poor man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at, or on the day of her marriage. What money or rent shall remain undisposed of, he directs to be employed in the purchase of coals, for some people, that shall need them: the said coals to be distributed in the last week of January, or every first week in February; because he considered that time to be the hardest, and most pinching time.

harshness. This liberality of disposition will ever recommend him to his readers. Whatever are the religious sentiments of the persons whom he introduces to our notice, how widely soever they differ from his own; we discover not, in his remarks, the petulance of indiscriminate reproach, or the malignancy of rude invective, but the mild spirit of moderation breathing in almost every page. I can only lament one instance of severity, for which, however, several pleas of extenuation might readily be admitted.

He is known to have acquired a fondness for the fine arts. Of paintings and prints he had formed a small, but valuable collection[7]; and we presume, that he had an attachment to, and a knowledge of, music. His affection for sacred music may be inferred from that animated, I had almost said, that enraptured language which he adopts, whenever the subject occurs to him[8], and

[7] In his last will, he leaves to his son "all his books, not yet given, at Farnham Castell, and a *deske of prints and pictures*; also a cabinet, in which are some little things, that he will value, though of no great worth."

[8] "He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have often done, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of the nightingale's voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music upon earth?"—*Complete Angler*. 1676, Part 1. p. 11.

it should be recollected, that Ken, his brother-in-law, whose morning, evening, and midnight hymns, endear his memory to the devout Christian, began the duties of each day with sacred melody; and that between men perfectly congenial in their sentiments and habits of virtue, a similarity of disposition in this instance should prevail, is far from being an unreasonable suggestion. That he had an inclination to poetry, we may conclude from his early intimacy with Michael Drayton, "the golden-mouthed poet;" a man of an amiable disposition, of mild and modest manners, whose poems are much less read than they deserve to be. On the first publication of a work previous to the last century, it was usual for the friends of the author to prefix to it recommendatory verses. Walton, whose circle of friends was very extensive indeed, often contributed his share of encomium on these occasions.[9] To his productions of

[9] Prefixed to Alexander Brome's *Songs and other Poems*, 1661, 8vo., are some complimentary verses, inscribed by Walton to his 'Ingenious Friend, on his various and excellent Poems; an humble Eclogue.' The announcement informs us they were 'written the 29th of May, 1660,' and his attachment and loyalty to his Sovereign are here eminently conspicuous:—

Daman.

Hail, happy day! Dorus sit down:
Now let no sigh, nor let a frown,
Lodge near thy heart, or on thy brow.

this kind no other commendations can be allowed, than that they were sincere memorials of his grateful and tender regard. It must, however, be added, that he never debased his talents by offering the incense of adulation, at the shrine of infamy and guilt, and the persons, whom he favoured with these marks of his attention, we are assured were not undeserving of praise. Such, for

The King! the King's return'd! and now
Let's banish all sad thoughts, and sing
We have our Laws, and have our King.

Dorus.

'Tis true, and I would sing; but oh!
These wars have shrunk my heart so low,
'Twill not be rais'd.

Daman.

What, not this day?
Why, 'tis the twenty-ninth of May.
Let rebels' spirits sink—let those
That, like the Goths and Vandals, rose
To ruin families, and bring
Contempt upon our Church, our King,
And all that's dear to us—be sad;
But be not thou: let us be glad.

After commending the productions of his friend, he concludes—

——— We'll dance, shake hands, and sing,
We have our lawes,
God bless the King.

IZ. WALTON.

instance, was William Cartwright, who, though he died in the thirtieth year of his age, was the boast and the ornament of the University of Oxford, as a divine, a philosopher, and a poet[1]. Dr. Fell, Bishop of Oxford, declared him to be, "the utmost man can come to;" and Ben Jonson was wont to say of him, "My son Cartwright writes all like a man." Here an opportunity presents itself of an attempt to ascertain the author of *The Synagogue, or the Shadow of the Temple*, a collection of sacred poems usually annexed to Herbert's *Temple*. Walton has addressed some encomiastic lines to him, as his friend; and in the *Complete Angler*, having inserted from that collection, a little poem, on the book of Common Prayer, he expressly assigns it, and of course the whole work, to 'Ch. Harvie[2]'—a reverend and learned divine that

[1] See "Comedies, Tragi-comedies, with other Poems, by William Cartwright, late Student of Christ Church in Oxford, and Proctor of the University, 1651." 8vo.

[2] Sir John Hawkins conjectures this Christopher Harvey to be the same Christopher Harvey described by Wood, as "a minister's son, of Cheshire, being born in that county in or about 1597; became batler of Brazen-nose College, in 1613; took the degrees in arts, that of Master being completed in 1620; holy orders, and at length was Vicar of Clifton, in Warwickshire. The lines cited by Walton are certainly drawn from the *Synagogue*. That a Christopher Harvie was the author of this poem, there can be no doubt, particularly as Walton contributed some commendatory verses to it, which

professes to imitate Mr. George Herbert, and has indeed done so most excellently; and of whom he continues most pleasantly to add—'you will like him the better because he is a friend of mine, and I am sure no enemy to angling.' Faithfully attached to the Church of England, he entertained the highest veneration for her discipline and doctrines. He had not been an inattentive spectator of the rapid progress of the sectaries, hastening from one degree of injustice to another, until an universal anarchy consummated the ruin of our ecclesiastical constitution. In his last Will he has announced an ingenuous and decided avowal of his religious principles, with a design, as it has been conjectured, to prevent any suspicions that might arise of his inclination to Popery, from his very long and very true friendship with some of the Roman Communion.[3] But a full and explicit

were repaid by some others, prefixed to the *Complete Angler*, subscribed 'Chr. Harvie;' but whether this was Christopher Harvey, the vicar of Clifton, or some other, remains to be decided. If it was, it is at least singular that Wood, who was so inquisitive in those matters, should have been ignorant of the circumstance, considering the continued correspondence which subsisted between him and Walton.—Ed.

[3] A steady friendship subsisted between Walton and James Shirley, the dramatist, who, having been ordained a Clergyman of the established Church, renounced his religion for that of the Church of Rome. He is described by Edward Philips,

declaration of his Christian faith, and the motives which enforced his serious and regular attendance upon the service of that Church in which he was educated, are delivered, with great propriety and good sense, in his own words. For thus he writes in a letter to one of his friends. "I go so constantly to the Church service to adore and worship my God, who hath made me of nothing, and preserved me from being worse than nothing. And this worship and adoration I do pay him inwardly in my soul, and testifie it outwardly by my behaviour; as namely, by my adoration, in my forbearing to cover my head in that place dedicated to God, and only to his service; and also, by standing up at profession of the Creed, which contains the several articles that I and all true Christians profess and believe; and also by standing up at giving glory *to the Father, to the Son,* and *to the Holy Ghost,* and confessing them to be three persons, and but one God.

And, secondly, I go to Church to praise my God for my creation and redemption: and for his many deliverances of me from the many dangers

in his *Theatrum Poetarum Anglicanorum*, printed in 1675, as "a just pretender to more than the meanest place among the English poets, but most especially for dramatic poesy; in which he hath written both very much, and for the most part with that felicity, that by some he is accounted little inferior to Fletcher himself."—See also the *Life of Herbert*, p. 125.

of my body, and more especially of my soul, in sending me redemption by the death of his Son, my Saviour; and for the constant assistance of his holy spirit: a part of which praise I perform frequently in the Psalms, which are daily read in the public congregation.

"And, thirdly, I go to Church publicly to confess and bewail my sins, and to beg pardon for them, for his merits who died to reconcile me and all mankind unto God, who is both his and my Father; and, as for the words in which I beg this mercy, they be the Litany and Collects of the Church, composed by those learned and devout men, whom you and I have trusted to tell us which is and which is not the written word of God; and trusted also to translate those Scriptures in English. And, in these collects, you may note, that I pray *absolutely* for pardon of sin, and for grace to believe and serve God: but I pray for *health*, and *peace*, and *plenty*, *conditionally*; even so far as may tend to his glory, and the good of my soul, and not further. And this confessing my sins, and begging mercy and pardon for them, I do in my adoring my God, and by the humble posture of kneeling on my knees before him: and, in this manner, and by reverend sitting to hear some chosen parts of God's word read in the public assembly, I spend one hour of the Lord's day every forenoon, and half so much time every

evening. And since this uniform and devout custom of joining together in *public confession*, and *praise*, and *adoration* of God, and in one manner, hath been neglected, the power of Christianity and humble piety is so much decayed, that it ought not to be thought on but with sorrow and lamentation; and I think, especially by the Nonconformists."

The reasons which he has assigned for his uninterrupted attention to the discharge of another duty will afford satisfaction to every candid reader. "Now for preaching, I praise God, I understand my duty both to him and my neighbour the better, by hearing of sermons. And though I be defective in the performance of both (for which I beseech Almighty God to pardon me), yet I had been a much worse Christian, if I had not frequented the blessed ordinance of preaching; which has convinced me of my many sins past, and begot such terrors of conscience, as have begot in me holy resolutions. This benefit, and many other like benefits, I and other Christians have had by preaching: and God forbid that we should ever use it so, or so provoke him by our other sins as to withdraw this blessed ordinance from us, or turn it into a curse, by preaching *heresie* and *schism*; which too many have done in the late time of rebellion, and indeed now do in many conventicles; and their auditors think such preach-

ing is serving God, when God knows it is contrary." Such were the rational grounds, on which he founded his faith and practice.

No excuse is pleaded for again noticing the opportunities of improvement which he experienced from his appropriated intimacy with the most eminent Divines of the Church of England. Genuine friendship exists but among the virtuous: a friend is emphatically styled 'the medicine of life'—the sovereign remedy that softens the pangs of sorrow, and alleviates the anguish of the heart. We cannot therefore sufficiently felicitate the condition of Isaac Walton, who imbibed the very spirit of friendship, and that with men renowned for their wisdom and learning; for the sanctity of their manners, and the unsullied purity of their lives. "If," to use the words of one of his biographers, "we can entertain a doubt that Walton was one of the happiest of men, we shew ourselves ignorant of the nature of that felicity, to which it is possible, even in this life, for virtuous and good men, with the blessing of God, to arrive."

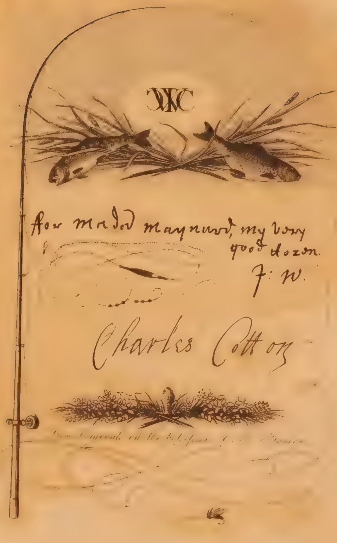
The features of the countenance often enable us to form a judgment, not very fallible, of the disposition of the mind. In few portraits can this discovery be more successfully pursued than in that of Isaac Walton. Lavater, the acute master of physiognomy, would, I think, instantly acknowledge in it the decisive traits of the original: —mild complacency, forbearance, mature con-

sideration, calm activity, peace, sound understanding, power of thought, discerning attention, and secretly active friendship. Happy in his unblemished integrity, happy in the approbation and esteem of others, he inwraps himself in his own virtue. The exultation of a good conscience eminently shines forth in the looks of this venerable person.

——— ——— "Candida semper
Gaudia, et in vultu Curarum ignara volupta."

Hacket, bishop of Lichfield and Coventry, used this motto, 'SERVE GOD, AND BE CHEERFUL.' Our biographer seems to have adhered to this golden maxim, during the whole tenor of his life. His innocence, and the inoffensive plainness of his manners, his love of truth, his piety, and the unbiassed rectitude of his conduct, diffused over his mind a serenity and complacency, which never forsook him. Let no one, however elevated in rank or station, however accomplished with learning, or exalted in genius, esteem himself undervalued, when it shall be pronounced concerning him, that his religious and moral qualities are placed in the balance, or compared with those of

ISAAC WALTON.


J: W.
Charles Cotton

Walton's WILL, which is here subjoined as affording equally an illustration of his own benevolent character, and the peculiar nature of his connections; was proved by his executors at London, February 4th, 1683-4, before Sir Thomas Exton and Sir Leolin Jenkins, Knt., and is recorded in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury, in the volume, marked 1 HARE 375, Art. 24.'

August the ninth, one thousand six hundred eighty-three.

In the name of God, Amen. I, IZAAK WALTON the elder, of *Winchester*, being this present day, in the ninetyeth year of my age, and in perfect memory, for which praised be God, but considering how suddainly I may be deprived of both, do therefore make this my last Will and Testament as followeth: And first, I do declare my belief to be, that there is only one God, who hath made the whole world, and me and all mankind, to whom I shall give an account of all my actions, which are not to be justified: but I hope pardoned, for the merits of my Saviour *Jesus*, and beeause the profession of Christianity does, at this time, seem to be subdivided into Papist and Protestante, I take it, at least, to be convenient to declare my belief to be, in all points of faith, as the Church of *England* now professeth: and this I do the rather, because of a very long and very true friendship with some of the *Roman* church. And for my worldly Estate (which I have neither got

by falsehood, or flattery, or the extreme cruelty of the law of this nation) I do hereby give and bequeath it as followeth: first, I give my son in law, Doctor *Hawkins*, and to his wife, to them I give all my title and right of or in a part of, a house and shop in *Pater-noster-row*, in *London*, which I hold by lease from the Lord Bishop of *London* for about fifty years to come. And I do also give to them all my right and title of or to a house in *Chancery-lane*, *London*, wherein Mrs. *Greinwood* now dwelleth, in which is now about sixteen years to come: I give these two leases to them, they saving my executor from all damage concerning the same. And I give to my son, *Izaak*, all my right and title to a lease of *Norington* Farme, which I hold from the Lord Bishop of *Winton*; and I do also give him all my right and title to a farm or land near to *Stafford*, which I bought of Mr. *Walter Noel*; I say, I give it to him and his heirs for ever; but upon the condition following, namely: if my son shall not marry before he shall be of the age of forty and one years, or, being married, shall dye before the said age, and leave no son to inherit the said farme or land; or if his son or sons shall not live to attain the age of twenty and one years, to dispose otherways of it; then I give the said farme or land to the towne or corporation of *Stafford*, in which I was borne, for the good and benefit of some of the said towne, as I shall direct, and as followeth: (but first note,

that it is at this present time rented for twenty-one pounds ten shillings a year, and is like to hold the said rent, if care be taken to keep the barn and housing in repair; and I would have, and do give ten pounds of the said rent, to bind out yearly two boys, the sons of honest and poor parents, to be apprentices to some tradesmen or handycraftmen, to the intent the said boys may the better afterward get their own living. And I do also give five pounds yearly, out of the said rent, to be given to some maid-servant, that hath attained the age of twenty and one years, not less, and dwelt long in one service, or to some honest poor man's daughter, that hath attained to that age, to be paid her at or on the day of her marriage: and this being done, my will is, that what rent shall remain of the said farme or land, shall be disposed of as followeth: first I do give twenty shillings yearly, to be spent by the Maior of *Stafford*, and those that shall collect the said rent, and dispose of it as I have and shall hereafter direct, and that what money or rent shall remain undisposed of, shall be imployed to buy coals for some poor people, that shall most need them, in the said towne; the said coals to be delivered the first weeke in *January*, or in every first week in *February*; I say then, because I take that time to be the hardest and most pinching times with poor people; and God reward those that shall do this without partialitie, and with honesty, and a

good conscience. And if the said Maior and others of the said towne of *Stafford*, shall prove so negligent, or dishonest, as not to imploy the rent by me given as intended and exprest in this my will, which God forbid, then I give the said rents and profits of the said farme or land to the towne and chief magistrates, or governors of *Eccleshall*, to be disposed of by them in such manner as I have ordered the disposal of it by the towne of *Stafford*, the said farme or land being near the towne of *Eccleshall*. And I give to my son-in-law, Doctor *Hawkins*, whom I love as my own son, and to my daughter, his wife, and my son *Izaak*, to each of them a ring, with these words or motto, '*Love my memory, I. W. obiit.*' to the Lord Bishop of *Winton* a ring, with this motto, '*A mite for a million, I. W. obiit.*' and to the friends hereafter named, I give to each of them a ring with this motto, '*A friend's farewell, I. W. obiit.*' and my will is, the said rings be delivered within forty days after my death: and that the price or value of all the said rings shall be thirteen shillings and fourpence a piece. I give to Doctor *Hawkins*, Doctor *Donne's Sermons*, which I have heard preached, and read with much content. To my son *Izaak*, I give Doctor *Sibbs*, his *Soul's Conflict*; and to my daughter his *Bruised Reed*, desiring them so as to be well aquainted with them And I also give unto her all my books at *Win-*

chester and *Droxford*, and whatever in those two places are, or I can call mine, except a trunk of linen, which I give to my son *Izaak*; but if he do not live to marry, or make use of it, then I give the same to my grand-daughter, *Ann Hawkins*; and I give my daughter, Doctor *Hall's Works*, which be now at *Farnham*. To my son *Izaak*, I give all my books, not yet given, at *Farnham* Castell, and a deske of prints and pictures; also a cabinet near my bed's head; in which are some little things that he will value, though of no great worth. And my will and desire is, that he will be kind to his aunt *Beachame*, and his aunt *Rose Ken*, by allowing the first about fifty shillings a year, in or for bacon and cheese, not more, and paying four pounds a-year towards the boarding of her son's dyet to Mr. *John Whitehead*: for his aunt *Ken*, I desire him to be kind to her, according to her necessity and his own abilitie, and I commend one of her children, to breed up as I have said I intend to do, if he shall be able to do it, as I know he will; for they be good folke. I give to Mr. John Darbyshire the *Sermons* of Mr. Anthony Farringdon, or of Dr. Sanderson, which my executor thinks fit. To my servant, Thomas Edgill, I give five pounds in money, and all my clothes, linen and woollen, except one suit of clothes; which I give to Mr. Holinshed, and forty shillings, if the said Thomas be my servant at my death; if not, my clothes only. And I give my old friend, Mr.

Richard Marriot, ten pounds in money, to be paid him within three months after my death; and I desire my son to shew kindness to him if he shall neede, and my son can spare it: and I do hereby will and declare my son Izaak to be my sole executor of this my last will and testament, and Dr. Hawkins to see that he performs it; which I doubt not but he will. I desire my burial may be near the place of my death, and free from any ostentation or charge, but privately. This I make to be my last will, to which I shall only add the codicil for rings, this sixteenth day of August, one thousand six hundred eighty-three. Izaak Walton. Witness to this will.

The rings I give are as on the other side: to my brother John Ken, to my sister his wife, to my brother Doctor Ken, to my sister Pye, to Mr. Francis Morley, to Mr. George Vernon, to his wife, to his three daughters, to Mistris Nelson, to Mr. Richard Walton, to Mr. Palmer, to Mr. Taylor, to Mr. Thos. Garrard, to the Lord Bishop of Sarum, to Mr. Rede his servant, to my cozen Dorothy Kenrick, to my cousin Lewin, to Mr. Walter Higgs, to Mr. Charles Cotton, to Mr. Richard Marryot: 22, to my brother Beacham, to my sister his wife, to the Lady Anne How, to Mrs. King, Doctor Phillips's wife, to Mr. Valentine Harecourt, to Mrs. Eliza Johnson, to Mrs. Mary Rogers, to Mrs. Eliza Milward, to Mrs. Dorothy Wallop, to Mr. Will. Milward, of Christ Church, Oxford, to Mr.

John Darbyshire, to Mr. Undevill, to Mrs. Rock, to Mr. Peter White, to Mr. John Lloyde, to my cousin Creinsell's widow, Mrs. Dalbin must not be forgotten : 16, Izaak Walton. Note that several lines are blotted out of this will, for they were twice repeated : and that this will is now signed and sealed this twenty and fourth day of October, one thousand six hundred eighty-three, in the presence of us : Witness, Abraham Markland[5], Jos. Taylor, Thomas Crawley.

[5] Abraham Markland, a scholar of St. John's College, Oxford, anno 1562, took the degree of M.A. in 1669, at which time he was senior of the great act celebrated on the 12th of July, in that year. At length, entering into holy orders, he was installed prebendary of Winchester, the 4th of July, 1679, was afterwards beneficed near that place, and on the 5th of July, 1692, was admitted D.D. and in August, 1694, became Master of the Hospital of H. Cross, near Winchester, on the death of Dr. William Harrison.—Wood's *Athenæ Oxon.* by Bliss, 1815, 4to. vol. iv. p. 710.

The Life
of
Izaak Walton